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The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts



MAY
1932

SVEND
GAMPE



Be Prepared--

for all kinds of weather
and all camp activities.

Many a vacation is a failure because some clothing accessory is forgotten or some item of equipment lacking. Check over your list and see that nothing is missing. Be ready for warm weather or cold, for sunshine or rain.

Cool days and chilly evenings will be more comfortable if you have an official sport jacket. It fits snugly around the wrists and at the hips and has a Talon fastener which closes the front to the mannish collar. Made of dark green all-wool it will be warm enough for cool days in spring or fall but not too warm for chilly days in camp this summer. The Trefoil emblem trims the breast pocket.

J 123 Sizes 8-42. \$5.00

Perhaps you will prefer a more dressy sport coat. The dark green leather jacket can be worn for

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J 111 Sizes 8-14 \$9.50
J 112 Sizes 16-44 11.50

No matter which sport jacket you choose, a lightweight pull-over sweater will be needed. The dark green official model is of all-wool, trimmed with the Trefoil. There are also two lighter shades—apple green and jade green. These latter are of soft brush wool and are not trimmed with the Trefoil. All three models have a fitted V neck and finished with fine ribbing at wrists and bottom of sweater. Sizes 28-44.

J 254 Dark green with Trefoil \$3.00
J 251 Apple green 3.00
J 253 Jade green 3.00

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F 101 Sizes 28-44 \$2.50

Every camper will need a bathrobe. The tailored bathrobe for Girl Scouts is of warm flannel in a soft shade of green with light green trimming on collar, cuffs, pockets and sash. The Trefoil emblem trims the pocket. You will not only want it for camp but for wear this winter at home.

J 401 Sizes 8-46 \$5.00

If you are a deep-woods camper or expect to ride horseback you'll surely want the shirt of light green all-wool flannel. The mannish collar, turn-back cuffs and breast pocket are well tailored and neatly finished. Sizes 10-44.

J 202 All-wool \$6.00
J 201 Part cotton flannel 4.50

Tan gabardine riding breeches, buttoned to the knee, are made on special order. Not illustrated.

A 115 Sizes 10-44 \$5.50

Breeches for deep-woods camping. Sizes 10-44. Not illustrated.

F 201 Dark green corduroy \$6.00
F 202 Dark green whipcord 7.50

Accessory equipment is almost as important as clothing equipment. Don't risk spoiling your vacation in camp because you lack some small item that will be so important at the time.

Writing home is important. Your family and friends will be anxious to hear of the good times you are having and of all you are learning. The Girl Scout stationery in pale green with silhouettes of camping activities is just the thing for this purpose. Twenty-four sheets with matching envelopes are in each box.

M 601 \$0.50

If the day is too short and your time too full for a real letter, the correspondence cards will be a treasure. These are also of pale green stock with appropriate silhouettes in dark green. Each cellophaned package contains 16 sheets and 16 envelopes.

M 602 \$0.25

For very special letters you'll want the new stationery of white Club Parchment, deckle edged, with the Trefoil engraved in gold. Each attractive box of white kid finish, engraved with the Trefoil in gold, contains 24 sheets and 24 envelopes.

M 603 \$0.85

You'll make lots of new friends at camp. Keep a record of them. The Girl Scout address book has plenty of room for names, addresses and telephone numbers. The green leatherette cover is stamped with the Trefoil in gold and a copy of the Laws is printed on the inside of the cover.

M 615 \$0.20

The autograph album can also be used for an address book but has additional space for personal messages, friendship verses, etc. The cover is of green leatherette and has the Trefoil stamped in gold.

M 616 \$0.50

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT
SERVICE

670 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Snap, programs and scraps of poetry can become precious memories and memory books become very valuable. The Girl Scout memory book is a loose leaf album with 50 sheets for snaps and a generous number of plain white sheets for autograph purposes. The green leatherette cover is embossed with a camping scene.

M 611 \$1.50

Your Girl Scout kodak will keep fresh the memory of your camping days with its hikes and ceremonials, your tent or cabin and your many friends. The kodak is finished in dark mottled green, stamped with the Trefoil, and takes pictures $1\frac{1}{8}$ " x $2\frac{1}{2}$ ". The leather case, also stamped with the Trefoil and finished in mottled green, is supplied with a strap so that it may be worn on the belt.

M 801 \$6.00

Even in camp one will want to primp a little. The pocket toilet kit is fitted with a comb, mirror and nail file and the case is of green cape-skin stamped with the Trefoil in gold.

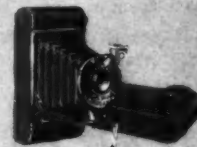
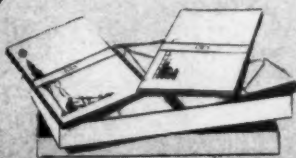
M 506 \$0.35

A good camper is always on time—for meals, for bed, for the rest hour and for the hobby hour. Let the Ingersoll Mite keep you "on the dot".

The case is of chromium finish and the leather strap can be had in either brown or black.

M 701 Plain dial \$3.00

M 702 Radium
night dial \$3.50





Dear Dodo

I wish you could see me, I would knock your eye out, I mean with some new stockings I've just bought, my dear, they are mesh and *positively* one-half inch across and my mother is simply wild.

But my dear, the saleswoman told me they *couldn't* be more practical, if you wash them in Lux.

It seems that Lux *saves* the elasticity of the silk threads, so they give instead of breaking and if they stretch, they come *right* back into shape so your stockings never, never get that nasty baggy look.

You see I knew Mother would say My dear you are simply *throwing* away money to buy those things so wasn't I the clever girl to get all primed up with facts?

But they really are too, too *divine*, and then I have some clocked chiffon evening stockings that are pretty nice, too, and they stand a whole lot of dancing because I've taken to washing *all* my stockings in Lux. And they wear so much *longer* that Mother doesn't fuss any more about my wearing the *sheer* ones all the time.

Lots of love, angel, from

Midge



Well, of All Things!

WHEN the last *Well, of All Things!* was written we hadn't yet heard from you about the March issue. Since then your letters have been coming fast, and there's no longer any doubt but that you liked it. Just listen to these letters. Virginia Dean of Murphysboro, Illinois says she simply had to write and tell us that she liked the International Number more than she can say. "After I finished reading it, it was almost in shreds," Virginia writes, "then I let my friends read it and it *was* in shreds. I didn't mind, because then I knew they had read everything in it." Betty Briggs of Minneapolis writes: "The best copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL in years, I think, is the March number. It tells you so much about other countries and yet the stories keep you very interested and are not boring. The magazine is just keen." Julia Whitten of Waban, Massachusetts writes, "Our troop is taking the World Knowledge Merit Badge. The letters from Finland induced me to take that country to study."

REBECCA VEACH of Miami, Florida says she just had to write and tell us how much she enjoys THE AMERICAN GIRL. "I had heard so much about it that I just had to have it," she writes. "Your International Number was simply wonderful. I love to read stories about other countries and these were all so interesting that it made me feel I was right there with the characters." Wilna Valentine of Northboro, Massachusetts says, "The International Number surpasses any other March issue I've ever read. It certainly was fine! One day my English teacher, seeing me with an AMERICAN GIRL, said, 'I think that magazine is the finest there is for girls.' Isn't that a compliment?" Yes, we think so, Wilna, and thanks for passing it on to us.

WE'VE had several letters from girls who especially liked the art this month. "Henrietta McCaig Starrett is one of my favorite artists," writes Marianne Nichols of Hammond, Indiana. "I didn't like Carlotta Petrini's illustrations as well as Margaret Ayer's and Dorothy Owen's." Mary Card of Urbana, Illinois says she thinks that the March cover was terribly clever. Mary writes, also, "I love South Sea Island stories, and I think the style of the illustrations was grand! And I was very much amused by the clever little illustrations of *Growing Up in Paris*."

THE ARTICLE, *An English Girl Looks at America*, made a great hit, probably because Miss Atkey made us sound so delightful. Marian McElhattan of McKees

Rocks, Pennsylvania writes that she thought the whole March number was great. "An especially interesting article was the British girl's view of America," Marian writes. "I never realized we lived in such a glorious land before." "As a special article, *An English Girl Looks at America* was just grand," writes Gwen Johnston of Blackfoot, Idaho. "It seems as if Marjorie Atkey would be just the kind of girl we would like to meet some day." "I know that American girls felt especially flattered by that article by Marjorie Atkey," writes Frances Carden, who said she liked the illustrations for the South Sea Island story so much. "I certainly felt good after I'd read it."

CECELIA MOORE of Washington, D. C. writes: "The stories in the March issue all took place far away from me, but still it seemed that I was right there to see Teura dive down into the water to save Etua. I saw Mayiana dance, and I saw Peggy watching the races, but the best story in the book, I thought, was *The Good River*. I sat with Lan Ying while she watched the fishnet. When she was starving, I was hungry, too. Then when the ship came, I was as much relieved as she must have been." Helen Berg of Mullan, Idaho writes to tell us how much she liked *Mayiana Dances a Fandango*. "And I must mention *The Good River*," Helen continues. "It is perfectly splendid! I liked it best of all the stories in the issue." On the other hand, Edith Carstens of New York City says, "*The Good River* didn't quite appeal to me. Somehow it seemed to lack something—perhaps excitement and more intensive action." Jean Outley, of Arlington, Massachusetts thought *The Good River* very interesting, and particularly timely just now.

WINIFRED CHEELY of Hornick, Iowa liked the South Sea Island story best of anything in the magazine. Laura Marjorie Adams of Republic, Missouri thought, too, that *Teura* was the best story in the book. Marian Behrend of South Manchester, Connecticut writes, "I have just finished reading *Teura*, a *Girl of Moorea*, and I couldn't wait any longer to write to *Well, of All Things!* and tell you how perfect it was. I certainly do hope we'll have more stories by Eunice Tietjens."

EDITOR'S NOTE: When you write to *Well, of All Things!* and tell us what you like or don't like, please tell us *why*! If you will take the trouble to analyze your opinions on the stories, and write to us more fully about them, you will help us a lot.

Along the Editor's Trail

THE three girls were swinging down the street, arm in arm—Lorna, Marjorie and Joan. It was a soft golden day, warm even for May. The hedges were still a pale young green and the lawns and gardens had a fresh look, as though they still felt the effects of the last April shower. It was the kind of day through which to walk slowly, savoring the touch of the air and sunlight, the smell of the spring flowers, the sight of the delicate shadows of leaves and branches.

But Lorna and Marjorie and Joan were striding as though trying to beat Time himself. At the moment they weren't consciously aware of whether it was clear or cloudy, spring or winter. They were engaged in a violent controversy, at least two of them were, while the third tried to calm them.

"It's not fair!" Lorna was exclaiming vehemently. "To choose a new girl that nobody knows and nobody likes and give poor Caroline, who's always been the lead, only a second best part!"

Joan looked from one to the other, but didn't speak. She was between Marjorie and Lorna. If she hadn't been, the three would not have been linking arms in such a friendly fashion—for Marjorie and Lorna were sputtering across the quiet Joan like two bunches of firecrackers.

"The new girl happens to be a great deal nicer than Caroline," retorted Marjorie. "Anyway, how do you know nobody likes her when you say nobody knows her."

"How do you know she's nicer than Caroline, when *you* don't know her."

"I know Caroline—and I'm sure *anyone* would be nicer than she is."

"That's a silly thing to say," Lorna glared at Marjorie. "Just because you don't like Caroline—"

Marjorie glared at Lorna. "Just because you *do* like Caroline—"

"Aren't you both," Joan interrupted in a quiet voice—Joan had learned that it was best to be calm when Lorna and Marjorie were having one of their rare disagreements—"aren't you both losing sight of a rather important thing? You both forget one point."

"What point?" asked Lorna belligerently.

"Why, you haven't even mentioned which one is better suited to the part."

"Oh, that!" said Marjorie. "There's no doubt that Anne, the new girl, is much more the type."

"Type or not," retorted Lorna, "she oughtn't to have it. It isn't fair to—"

"Darling," said Joan mildly, "this is a dramatic production, not a popularity contest. The girl who will do the part best ought to have it. It's stupid to let personal feeling keep you from appreciating talent and suitability."

"I suppose that's so," Marjorie said slowly. "Of course, I'll admit that Caroline would be better in certain parts, but—"

Lorna shrugged. "Well, if you look at it that way—but just the same, even if she *can* act, I don't like Anne."

"I couldn't abide Esther Gardner, either, when I first met her," confessed Joan, "but she could write so well that I simply had to get her on the editorial board of the school paper. Now that I've got to know her better, I've discovered a lot of other nice things about her that I didn't notice at first. That sometimes happens, you know. By holding fast to your prejudices you often miss knowing some very interesting people."

"You're different from me, Joan," said Lorna firmly. "When I don't like a person, I don't like her. But," she added looking at Marjorie, "I never said Anne couldn't *act*."

"And I never said Caroline couldn't. I only said I was glad she didn't get the part."

"Well, even if she *does* fit the leading rôle better than Caroline—and I'm willing to admit she does—I'm sorry, just the same, that Anne was the one to—"

Joan dropped their arms and put her hands over her ears.

"Are you two beginning all over again!" she exclaimed desperately.

"No," said Lorna, "but Caroline is so—"

"No," said Marjorie, "but Anne is so—"

And Joan fled.



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PAULINE STEINBERG, Managing Editor

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And after you've received your Official Drinking Cup, keep on saving Libby Milk labels to get the rest of your Girl Scout equipment. Every item in the official

catalogue, except restricted insignia, can be had free, by the Libby Plan.

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Captain Troop



Just for a Song

An announcement of a new Girl Scout Contest open to all girls

HERE'S something new in contests. You girls who have a flair for verse are invited to write a song, a national song for the Girl Scouts. It should be a lively song that will accompany Girl Scouts on their hikes, or one that groups may sing around the campfire, or at other gatherings. Only the words are required, but they must be words that can be set to music.

A notable committee of judges has been appointed to select the winning song. Two of them are poets, Louis Untermeyer, whose poems and collections of poetry, including *This Singing World*, are well known; and Robert Haven Schauffler, poet and compiler of the new anthology, *The Junior Poetry Cure*. Three others are women identified with popular successes in music. They are Vaughn de Leath, radio artist, composer, lyricist and concert singer; Mabel Wayne, America's outstanding woman writer of popular songs, known better as the author of *Ramona*, and *In a Little Spanish Town*; and Dana Suesse, nineteen-year-old composer of *Whistling in the Dark* and a symphony, *Concerto in Three Rhythms*.

Some sound advice is offered to contestants by these women. Successful themselves in the writing of lyrics and musical compositions, they insist on the importance of having a definite theme, or idea, behind the words of the song.

"The camping, hiking and other out-of-doors experiences of Girl Scouts provide a wide range of themes for the prize winning song in this contest," says Dana Suesse.

None of the three song writers has any definite schedule or system for her work. Mabel Wayne's songs are purely inspirational. "I could write a great many more than I do, but it is only when a tune keeps haunting me that I write it."

Some good advice to aspiring lyricists is given by Vaughn de Leath. "Make an outline of just what you want to say in your song," she says. "Decide what theme you want to develop and then work it out. Don't copy some other writer's style, and, above all, keep the words simple."

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest is open to every reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL, whether a Girl Scout or not.
2. The lyric—not the music—for a Girl Scout song is required. Compose words for at least one verse and a chorus. The piece will be judged entirely on its merits as a verse and its adaptability to music.
3. Put your name, address, and if you are a Girl Scout, your troop number, in the upper left-hand corner of the page.
4. All songs must be mailed to Girl Scout Song Contest Editor, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City, by midnight, July 31, 1932. No manuscripts will be returned.

THE PRIZES

5. The first prize will be a Remington portable typewriter; the second, an "English Yeoman" archery set, and the third, an overnight bag, finished in green fabricoid. The winners will be announced in the October AMERICAN GIRL.
6. The judges reserve the right to withhold the award of any prize if, in their opinion, the songs submitted be of insufficient merit.

Miss Margaret Murray is Executive Secretary of the Girl Scouts' Field Institutes. She directs a National Training Service for the Local Council members, who supervise Girl Scouting in their home communities.

Miss Murray is a member of the Personnel Division, which supervises Camp Edith Macy, where Girl Scout Leaders from all parts of the country are trained. She has a thorough knowledge of Girl Scouting, local and national.



Hear Miss Margaret Murray On A&P's Morning Radio Program **OUR DAILY FOOD, May 14**

We can't tell you very much about Miss Murray's talk, for we haven't anything to do with it. We're simply turning our two radio networks over to Miss Murray so she can talk personally to Girl Scouts all over the country.

Miss Murray tells us that she is going to discuss camp foods and diets for Girl Scouts. She says that Girl Scouts must replace the energy spent on hikes and in camps with nourishing food, and she wants to tell them some important facts about it.

Miss Murray said to tell you that Miss Isabelle Ingraham, Dietitian of the National Girl Scout Training Camp, is helping her prepare her talk.

We hope you listen in on May 14th and get the whole story, for that's all we know about it... But, after all, it's your program—not ours.

OUR DAILY FOOD is broadcast every week-day morning over 48 stations of the National Broadcasting Company at 9:45 and 10:30 Eastern Standard Time.

The Great **ATLANTIC & PACIFIC** Tea Co.



Etching by courtesy of Bernard Sanders

The Pioneer

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Long ago I blazed a trail
Through lovely woods unknown till then,
And marked with cairns of splintered shale
A mountain way for other men;

For other men who came and came:
They trod the path more plain to see;
They gave my trail another's name,
And no one speaks or knows of me.

The trail runs high, the trail runs low,
Where windflowers dance, or columbine;
The scars are healed that long ago
My ax cut deep on birch and pine.

Another's name my trail may bear,
But still I keep, in waste and wood,
My job because the trail is there,
My peace because the trail is good.

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

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MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

MAY • 1932



OVER A ROCK WENT THE CARAVAN WITH A TERRIBLE LURCH AND THE HORSES STARTED TO LEAVE THE ROAD; ELLEND A PULLED AND JERKED

The Gypsy Teapot

By CORA MORRIS

Illustrations by Franzar Dobias

OLD Polly Tottles sat by the smoldering fire in front of her tent in the gypsy camp. Over the fire hung the teakettle on its iron bar driven into the ground at one end and bent at the other to hold the kettle. She was smoking her old black pipe and looking about her. There were the brown tents, ten of them, a few smoldering fires, for breakfast was over; the sun shining through the branches of the trees, the leaves making waving, lace-like patterns on the ground. Drawn up beside the road, not far away, were the caravans, their colors gay in the bright sun—some green, others red, trimmed with yellow and blue, with colored glass windows that glistened in the morning sun, little platforms at the rear and funny little steps going down to the ground.

Old Polly Tottles closed her eyes and thought of their first caravan, her father's and mother's; then she thought of that later caravan, the one she and her young husband

had on their marriage—a red caravan drawn by a pair of prancing black horses. Inside was a bunk with a feather bed covered with a green cloth; there were gay blankets, bright-colored cushions, a little stove, with the pipe out through the roof—that pipe that would never stay straight. She smiled when she thought of that stovepipe. There were the corner cupboards with their colored glass doors, where was kept the fine china—and there was the treasure chest. The treasure chest! In it were many pieces of silver—spoons, a sugar bowl, a small pitcher, a teapot. She saw herself, young, dressed in her gay red and yellow dress, a red kerchief about her neck, on her head a red kerchief with silver coins on it, her necklace of gold coins, long dangling earrings of gold in her ears. She was wearing those earrings now. That was the day that her grandmother had given her the silver teapot. That teapot needed polishing. She must tell Ellenda to shine it. It would never do for that to become tarnished.

She opened her eyes. Her pipe had gone out. She took it from her mouth, rapped it on the log on which she was sitting, searched in her skirt for her pocket, found it and put the pipe in it.

The others of the band were all about her—women in their gay dresses, busy making ready the tents for the day; men, some of them sitting on the ground smoking, others caring for the horses; children playing about.

Jobey Cooper passed her. "*Cushty sala* (good morning)!" he said. The gypsies always speak their own language, Romany—that language which they brought with them from their first home, India, centuries ago—besides that of the country where they are living.

Old Polly Tottles rose from the log and went into the tent. Her granddaughter, Ellenda Faa, was putting the tent to rights.

"*I go dukker in*," said Polly Tottles. This meant that she was going to the town to tell fortunes. "Mind the tent, and best shine the teapot."

Ellenda stood, smiling, as she watched her making ready to go. Polly Tottles straightened the kerchief on her head, tied a bit tighter the one about her neck, put on her small red and green plaid shawl, and was ready to start.

"*Cushty bok*," said Ellenda. This is the gypsy farewell and means "good luck to you."

"Mind the tent and shine the teapot," said Polly Tottles.

Ellenda watched her hobbling toward the road. Just then, Diamond Lee, the old tinker, appeared with his funny little cart drawn by a donkey. He invited Polly Tottles to ride. Into the cart she climbed, the donkey started and, with a jangling of the pots and kettles in the cart, they went down the road toward the town.

Ellenda turned back into the tent. The tent was cozy, with its furnishings brought from the caravan. Granny had told her to shine the silver teapot. No task that, for of all the treasures of the tent that was the greatest, it seemed to Ellenda. Long years it had belonged in the family, and Polly Tottles had promised Ellenda to give it to her sometime.

Ellenda raised the cover of the chest. Among the other pieces of silver it lay, with bits of paper packed around it. She took it up, held it in her hands, looked at it—the strange figures engraved on it; the funny little spout; the cover with the queer head for a knob; the tiny dent in the side, which she had made when once, as a child, she had let it slip from her hands and fall to the chest.

With a bit of soap and warm water and a soft cloth, she washed the teapot. Then, with another soft cloth, she dried it and rubbed it. She held it off at arm's length and looked at it. Not quite satisfied, she sat down on a cushion, rubbing and looking, looking and rubbing.

"There!" she said at last, holding the teapot up and gazing at it with admiration. It could not shine brighter. She got up and set it on the chest to dry thoroughly before putting it back in its place in the chest. She went to the door of the tent to look out, giving a backward glance at the shining teapot.

There were not many people about the camp. The men had gone to the town to peddle baskets, to tinker, and to trade horses; the women to tell fortunes and to sell clothespins. She saw someone moving about in one of the other tents. "Vensa is there," she thought. "I'll go to see her."

She found Vensa sitting on the ground in her tent, mending. Across her knees lay her husband's corduroy suit, with its large silver buttons. Vensa was a most interesting person, so much she had traveled, been here and there and everywhere. She had eight children, one named for each day of the week and the last one named "Everyday."

Before Ellenda had time to speak to Vensa, there was the sound of wheels on the road. In a cloud of dust, a caravan rounded the bend in the road and drew near the camp. The horses stopped; a man climbed down and came toward the tent. Vensa left her mending and went to meet him.

"Is Poley Mace here?" he asked.

"Not with our band," Vensa answered.

After a few more words he turned as if to leave, and Vensa came back into the tent. Ellenda saw that the man

THAT NIGHT THERE WAS A GREAT CELEBRATION IN THE GYPSY CAMP—FIRES BURNING, GYPSY FIDDLES PLAYING GYPSY TUNES, DANCING,



walked a few steps, then stopped, loitering for a little while near the large tent in which she and Polly Tottles lived.

And now came Lumas, Vensa's husband, bringing a hedgehog, which he had killed, for Vensa to cook. Such excitement, with the children running in—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and all the others. "*Hotchi-witchi! Hotchi-witchi!*" they cried.

In the excitement, the man from the caravan was forgotten. He stood, looking around him. "Not many people here," he thought. "All gone to the town." He saw Lumas bring the hedgehog, heard the cries of the children. He turned and he noticed a bright spot of light on the trunk of a tree in front of the tent near which he stood. "The sun shining on something in the tent," he thought. "I wonder what it is."

He went to the tent door, peered in cautiously to make sure that there was no one within. On the treasure chest was a silver teapot! Never before had he seen such a fine one! His hand longed to touch it. He backed away from the door, looking in all directions to make sure that there was no one in sight. Quickly, he stepped into the tent and to the chest. Holding the teapot in his hand, it seemed even finer than he had first thought.

His wife had brought but few silver pieces to the treasure chest. For a long time he had wanted a silver teapot. Why not—?

He set the teapot on the chest to go to the door to look out. No one near to see him. Back to the chest he went, reached for the teapot, put it under his coat. To the door—a moment's pause to learn that there was no one to see him leaving the tent, a few steps to the caravan, up the steps, and the teapot was safely in the chest. Seated beside his wife on the driver's seat, he called to his children playing beside the road. Into the caravan they scrambled. A flourish of the whip, the horses started, the caravan moved up the road.

Ellenda stayed an hour, perhaps, with Vensa; then she went to her own tent. As she walked, she hummed a gay little tune. The sun was shining. She was happy. The fire

in front of the tent had ceased to smolder. She built one and filled the teakettle with water and hung it over the fire. Granny would be returning soon and want her cup of tea, and they would have a bite to eat. This done, she sat down on the log where Polly Tottles had sat that morning. She wondered if her grandmother was having good luck telling fortunes that day. She thought of her father and mother in their caravan, her brother and sister, traveling somewhere. She was staying awhile with her grandmother, and before long her father and mother would return to the band. She looked up at the trees swaying in the wind, with the blue sky and white clouds making a peaceful background for them.

There came the rumble of cart wheels and the trot trot of Diamond Lee's little donkey. Up the road came the cart drawn by the donkey, in the cart Diamond Lee and Polly Tottles. Diamond Lee was old and wrinkled, but his black eyes were always twinkling. He sat up straight, holding the reins and the whip which he occasionally flourished over the donkey's back. He wore a red shirt and a red and yellow kerchief about his neck. With Polly Tottles in her bright dress and plaid shawl, they looked very gay in the red cart.

Ellenda sprang to her feet and hurried out to the road to meet them. Diamond Lee climbed down over the wheel; then with a bow, his eyes twinkling, he offered his hand to Polly Tottles. Down she stepped, as nimbly as though she were not almost ninety years old.

"*Parakor tut* (thank you)," said Polly Tottles.

She followed Ellenda into the tent, where she laid aside her shawl, took out her old black pipe, Ellenda brought a coal from the fire and she lighted it. She sat on a cushion and began to puff clouds of smoke from her pipe, enjoying herself.

"Did you have a good day *dukker in?*" Ellenda asked.

For answer, Polly Tottles put her hand into her pocket and drew it out filled with silver coins. "Much silver," she said, jingling the coins in her hand. (Continued on page 29)

SINGING—AND IN THE MIDST OF IT ALL, ELLENDIA, DIAMOND LEE AND POLLY TOTTLES STILL HOLDING IN HER ARMS THE SILVER TEAPOT



Helen Wills Moody—the

HELLEN WILLS MOODY—reigning queen of the courts and promising young artist—what is she like? What sort of a person is she, I wondered.

By ANNA COYLE

As I entered her suite on the thirty-fourth floor of a New York hotel, my first impression was of her poise and charm. Tall and lithe, she is typical of the outdoor girl. Though she looks much smaller on the courts, in her low heels and pleated tennis frock, she is above average height with her five feet seven and one-half inches.

Her face is tanned a becoming golden hue. Her blue-gray eyes are distinctly alert. The hands that have grasped tennis rackets so successfully are long and slender, with tapering fingers and beautifully manicured nails. She fairly radiates good health and physical fitness. Her playing weight, one hundred and thirty-nine pounds is, according to an authority on physical education, the correct weight for her age and height. She has beauty of the classic kind without doll-like prettiness. In fact, it seems to me that her photographs hardly ever do her justice.

Mrs. Moody was wearing a smartly tailored black and white wool suit with a simple white silk blouse. The only ornamentation was a white piqué flower at the shoulder. Her close-fitting black and white hat was one of those Parisian looking affairs that are so simple, yet so chic. The whole effect was youthful and trim.

Before she told me about herself we lingered at the window for a moment to enjoy the view of New York and she wanted to know what the girls of the city do for activity. We first talked of the Girl Scout movement which she thinks is so splendid, then we settled down to the business of an interview and she was all eagerness to help and advise you from her own wide experience in the tennis world.

To my question, "Do you follow a schedule?" she replied, "I play tennis about four or five times a week. I play two sets a day—no more. This usually takes about one and

one-quarter hours. In this way I never get tired and so am always keen to play. I practice with men players, as I feel that it is better to play a hard game for a short time. I have my meals regularly. I don't stay up late at night. If you have enough sleep you have all your strength. If you have from nine to ten hours you can do your best.

"And that is all! But I think that is enough. I don't believe in strict training. It takes part of the fun away if you fuss about the game. So I just try to be sensible about food and have plenty of sleep.

"On the day of a tournament I have a light, nourishing meal, well in advance of my match. A player cannot get out on the court and play well if she has had a hearty meal."

Though she likes the motion pictures, Mrs. Moody does not attend when she is playing in a tournament, because of the eye strain. Nor would she do a great deal of reading before a match. She does not smoke.

This popular young tennis star thinks that tennis is a grand game for every girl and speaks with enthusiasm of the great increase in interest in this sport. Indeed she feels that it is the most popular of all the sports.

"Tennis is not too expensive a game," she says. "And it has the advantage that it can be played at school. A set of tennis can be enjoyed between study periods or after school."

"I kept up my tennis all through school, going to school in the morning and playing in the afternoon.

"When in college I found tennis a marvelous balance between mental and physical activities. Especially during examinations, I played tennis to clear my mind. It freshens you more than anything. I think that everyone needs a balance of intellectual interests and outdoor pursuits. It keeps a person not only feeling better but also looking younger."

Mrs. Moody thinks, too, that it is a fine thing to get good grades in school. Just between ourselves, one of her most treasured trophies is the Phi Beta Kappa key she won in col-

"IT IS IMPORTANT," SAYS MRS. MOODY, "THAT THE YOUNG PLAYER SHOULD TRY TO DEVELOP A GOOD DRIVE—FOREHAND AND BACKHAND"



Girl with Two Hobbies

lege. I believe she likes it almost better than any of her tennis trophies.

"How can one become a good tennis player?" I asked.

"The only thing is just practice, and practice, and practice," is her formula. "Of course, you have to have a real liking for the game. Then if you love it you just play, you can't help yourself.

"After you learn a little about the game it is nice to take part in small tournaments. There are usually local tournaments, such as county and state ones that players may enter. I advise tournament play only in the summer. I play only six weeks in tournaments in the summer.

"The young player should try to develop a good drive—forehand and backhand—then she has something to build on," Mrs. Moody continued. "I grasp the racket near the end of the handle. Most players do. In choosing a racket get a handle that fits the hand. Everything in tennis is sensible and comfortable. In playing, the thing that comes most natural is best suited for you, once you get the general idea. Also a great deal can be learned by watching good players and analyzing their strokes." Mrs. Moody herself has never had lessons from a professional tennis teacher. She played with her father and he corrected her strokes.

One of the interesting things about tennis is that it is such an individualistic game. Although you may see a dozen of the world's best players flash on and off the courts during an afternoon of tournament play and though the fundamentals of their strokes are the same, you are impressed with the fact that each plays an individual game.

The tennis of Mrs. Moody is an exceedingly graceful game. You realize as you watch her play how closely related to the arts this popular sport can be. In the sweep of her racket and swift movements of her body there is great rhythm of motion.

And to her rhythm is one of the secrets of good tennis. She says: "The main thing to remember in making all your strokes is to have a swing to them. Don't be cramped at any time. That is, don't draw the racket up close to the body.



Photograph by Bachrach

TALL AND LITHE, HER SKIN A GOLDEN TAN, SHE IS TYPICAL OF THE OUTDOOR GIRL

Rather, feel that you are making a rhythmic, graceful motion."

"What should one wear to play tennis?" I asked.

"A sleeveless mid-dy and a pleated skirt make a very nice tennis costume," she answered. "I don't believe in wearing sleeves, as they are uncomfortable, and I do like a skirt pleated all around as it gives the necessary freedom of motion and it is graceful. The tennis dress should not be starched as it is less attractive when stiff and may interfere with the strokes. I think pure white is ideal for the court. White sneakers and light-weight wool socks are excellent. And a white eyeshade or a band of bright-colored silk or chiffon wound around the head keep the hair in place. There should be nothing flying. Everything should be neat and clean. The player whose hair and clothes are in place and not slipping and requiring

adjusting feels more comfortable and plays a better game."

Naturally one wonders how it is that Helen Wills Moody, whose name has been for so long associated with tennis should suddenly step into the limelight as an artist. But to her this interest in art is no mystery at all. It seems the most natural thing in the world when she explains to you that she drew pictures even before she played tennis and that art is simply a continuation of her intellectual activities. She majored in art at the University of California and since leaving college she has continued art work. She has had the encouragement of her mother who paints quite a bit.

She says: "I have always been interested in the human figure in action. There is a certain rhythm in sports and art that is related, to my way of thinking. But, of course, I do not know enough about art yet to make statements."

She signs herself in art as Helen Wills, using the name by which the world knows her best. As might be expected many of her drawings have been of tennis players in their most characteristic poses. She has depicted Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen of France, Senorita Lili de Alvares of Spain, Miss Betty Nuthall of England, William Tilden, and Mrs. Moody herself in a number of poses.

By ALICE
DYAR RUSSELL

Everybody Has

SPRING was fecund, spring was gay, spring was a gaudy lady flaunting her face on every emerald lawn, above every blue shiny pool, in every waving ocotillo and blossoming yellow palo verde of Palm Springs' gardens. The town itself, so new, so bright, so insouciant, lay like a glistening white and red and green flower in the gray cup of the old desert. Enchantment trembled in the sunny streets and shimmering violet distances; it hovered over San Jacinto's snowy crest; it whispered in the soft crispy rattle of palm trees in the canyons and the music of running water at their feet; it sounded in the nicker of riding horses, the *ping* of tennis balls, and the high drone of airplanes. It penetrated to the lounges of sumptuous hotels; nurseries and school rooms were not exempt. There was a stir and restlessness on terraces and in patios, under gorgeous striped umbrellas, in sun-filled balconies, shaded tea rooms and even behind the enticing façades of smart shops.

Billy Whiffle felt it—Billy, the old prospector, the gray-haired desert rat, working on the grounds of the hotel El Mirador. He let fall his spade. Nostalgia woke in his heart—for the dusty road and the *plop-plop* of his mules' feet and the slow turn of the wagon wheel. "I ain't a-goin' to wrastle cactus for these hyar millionyares no more," he muttered. He gave the transplanted Joshua trees a defiant look. He was like an old Joshua himself—shaggy and weathered.

"Ain't stuck like you," he murmured. "Cyan't plant me."

Donald Guthrie felt it, as he hung over the window sill of one of the hotel rooms on the upper floor. He had arrived the night before and until this morning had never seen the desert. His awe-struck eyes went out over the vast, empty, gray expanse to the towering bulk of mountain with its white peak dissolving into the sky. "Gosh!" he cried, as if he were in anguish. "Gosh!" He was a very tall, thin boy with extremely long legs and long, thin arms.

"Don-ald!" called a voice from the ad-

joining room. "Don-ald! Have you taken your cod liver oil?"

"W-why—er—er—yes, Miss Prasis, I have!" He made an awful grimace at the door.

"As soon as you've had your rest, we'll walk down to the swimming pool and watch the sports," sang out the cooing voice.

Donald cast a hunted look around. He felt that he would die unless he could get away from the trained nurse who was his companion after a long illness. The remembered admonitions of his father, the prayers of his mother, he threw aside in one desperate gesture. With racing speed he hopped out of his bathrobe and into a pair of white linen pants and a sleeveless, neckless shirt. He knocked a pile of movie magazines from the table—they were very precious and had traveled with him from the East. He was about to pick them up, reverently, when he thought he heard steps approaching from behind the closed door. He crept out into the corridor, carrying his shoes in his hand.

Geraldine Blythe felt it, and yielded to a wave of unaccustomed rebellion. "Everybody has adventures but me!" she said, despondently, leaning her elbows on her knees and gloomily regarding the sprightly gambols of the two fat infants on the grass in front of her—husky, sun-browned, half-naked little runabouts, whom she had taken in charge for the day.

"Everybody goes to exciting places and sees exciting things and meets exciting people—everybody, except me!" She sat on the steps of the first in a row of bungalows



THERE WERE STALWART HUNTERS, SOLDIERS, INDIAN WOMEN, AND MANY ANOTHER TYPE FROM AN EARLIER DECADE

Adventures

Illustrations
by
Edward
Poucher

off the main road one mile out of Palm Springs. Two of the four gay little stucco affairs had a sign in front, "FOR RENT, FURNISHED." One was the home of the babies. Her own was empty; the family was dispersed. Elaine, her sister, was off with a party on an auto trip into the mountains. Tom, her brother, was attending a tennis tournament. Her mother was visiting an aunt and shopping in the city. Her father was an engineer and far away on a hazardous undertaking important to the prosperity of the family.

Geraldine—Jerry—would have liked to be an engineer. She would have liked to be anything at the moment but what she was—just an ordinary sort of girl, fourteen years old, short, plump, not very pretty, but pleasant looking, with bright brown eyes, round cheeks and a head of short, tight, dark curls. She had a handy way with her and she was noted for her good nature. She had, indeed, too much of it for her own good. "It's a curse," thought Jerry. She knew it was her own doing; she was simply made that way. She could not help liking to make people happy, to do things that would please them. She liked to make over-worked Mrs. Wilcox happy by taking care of her young ones while she went on a picnic; she liked to make Tom happy by lending him her own good tennis racket; she liked to make Elaine happy by ironing her slip and restringing her blue beads; and above all she would like to make her mother happy by having a surprising supper ready when she came home. Her family were all so sweet, thought Jerry, disconsolately—how could she help liking to make them happy? But it had left

"GOSH!" HE
CRIED AS IF HE
WERE IN AN-
GUISH. "GOSH!"

her alone, saddled with the runabouts, on this gorgeous day. She kicked the step and, to take her mind off her misfortunes, studied her cactus garden extending in a wide strip on each side.

It was really a very remarkable garden, considering the limited space Jerry had at her disposal. She was the fortunate possessor of two huge barrel cacti with crowns of yellow flowers and a long, slim ocotillo waving a sinister, spiny

arm. The two dainty fish-hook cacti with jet-black tips were the pride of her heart—really rare. Her rosy-tinted strawberry cactus and the big grizzly bear cactus—a regular grandfather, what a time she had had in getting him home!—occupied prominent positions. Her chollas were unusually bristly; her beaver-tails on the point of bursting into frail magenta bloom. The bare ground between the plants was strewn artistically with divers objects deemed

SHE SMILED EN-
CHANTINGLY
THROUGH THE
WHOLE TIRADE.
"HELP ME DOWN,
CLAY," SHE INTER-
RUPTED AT LAST



necessary by young cactus garden connoisseurs to create the proper effect—bleached bones, skeletons of small desert animals, the antlers of a deer, antique bowling balls, glass bottles tinted by the sun's rays, ranging from the palest violet hue to deep hyacinth, pieces of petrified wood, travertine, and bits of broken Indian pottery. Elaine had found the finest violet bottle; her father had given her the piece of sparkling quartz, Jerry fondly recalled; and it was owing to Tom that she had the whited skull of an ox. Her family took a great interest in her garden. They *were* sweet!

"What perfectly *darling* bones you have! And that cactus with the funny ends—what *is* it and where did you get it?" exclaimed a charming voice, and Geraldine looked up into the smiling, intent face of the very prettiest lady she had ever seen. Pretty? Oh, too tame a word, by far! She was lovely, *lovely*!

She wore an old-fashioned little lace and rosebud poke bonnet tied in a wide bow under her soft chin; a gleaming profusion of the palest blond curls fell to her bare shoulders; her high-waisted dress of rose-striped silk and lawn had short puffed sleeves and a very wide ruffled skirt, held up daintily in one hand to show a starched lace petticoat and small, somewhat dusty, black slippers tied over the ankles with wide ribbon bows. She carried a fluffy, ruffy pink parasol, and her teeth were the pearliest, her nose the straightest, her golden-brown eyes the danciest—well, Jerry simply caught her breath and stared and stared. Who could she be? Where had she come from? What was the meaning of so heavenly an apparition? Was she a dream? Only Jerry could never have woven a dream like this!

"You know," the cadenced voice confided, "I mean to have a cactus garden—I'm determined to—and I want a really unusual one like yours. They tell me it's so hard to get cactus now, that you have to have tiresome permits and things. Is that the truth? Everyone seems to have all they want. Why not I? I'm sure you'll help me, won't you?" she begged prettily.

Jerry's cheeks were flaming, her tongue stumbled. "You can have any of those, all you want!" Her generous gesture included the whole of her garden and the grass and even the sun babies, who had stopped their play and were staring solemnly. "They're mine," Jerry went on, "I dug them and planted them myself. I know a homesteader, 'way off, who lets me take all I want off his land. I can always get more."

"As if I'd take yours and spoil that lovely garden, silly child!" (She made *child* sound the most adorable epithet in the world.) "I want to get some myself, and bones and bottles, too, and if you know where we can find them, let's go and

get some. Now, this minute! That's the way I like to do things—the instant I have the yen! That's why I'm here now." A delicious sound that in ordinary throats would have been a giggle escaped her. "Well, shall we?" she said expectantly.

Jerry looked at her earnestly. How could she explain to this beauteous being that garments such as hers were not precisely intended for cactus hunting? And there were certain other matters—

"We'd have to have a car to go in," she elucidated with careful politeness, "and since you don't seem to have one—"

"No, I don't seem to, do I?" The lady gave way to silvery mirth; her very ruffles shook. "I call it strange, quite unaccountable, in fact. However you explain it, what a state my—they—will be in about an hour from now!"

Jerry did not try to make this out. She pursued her point. "We'd have to take Lily-Be-Noble, you see—that's all the car I've got—and I don't know that you'd care to ride—ride in—"

"Lily-be-what?" queried the lady, smiling mischievously at her own thoughts.

"Be-Noble. She so often isn't, you know! So that's what we call her as a sort of reminder of what we're always praying. She's awfully old and her seat is caved in and her springs are bad and she hasn't any spare," Jerry apologized, "but she's used to having cactus loaded in her back, which is a great advantage, isn't it? I mean, there are some cars you might not feel you could pile in a ton or so of dirt and roots and spines—"

"There isn't a car made that I wouldn't feel I could," said the lady carelessly. "My dear, I can ride in anything. I have! Do get the Lily thing out at once and let's start before anything happens to prevent us." She glanced back over her shoulder at the oasis that was Palm Springs—red roofs, white walls, trees and water towers.

Jerry drew a long breath and rose to her feet, revealing the fact that her faded print dress was too short and that her legs were

bare and brown and plump. Her dark eyes were very bright and honest. One thing remained to make clear. "If I go I'll have to take Benjy and Araminta along," she stated valiantly.

With the slightest arching of her delicate brows, the lady looked down at the two fat brown infants in their sun suits, who had inched nearer and nearer until they stood close to the billowing waves of her skirt, still staring solemnly, each with a finger in the mouth. She seemed fascinated, even as they. A curious light flickered over her countenance, leaving it, if possible, lovelier than ever. "These little porpoises?" she breathed softly. (Continued on page 36)



"WHAT PERFECTLY DARLING BONES YOU HAVE!" EXCLAIMED A VERY CHARMING VOICE



IT'S A CHORE TO LOOK
AT A BAD COMPLEXION

Dry Skin and Oily

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

*Illustrations by
Katherine Shane Bushnell*

YOU hear a good deal probably about the dry skin, the oily skin, the normal skin and the average skin. And the terms, no doubt, are a little puzzling. "What is an oily skin?" perhaps you ask, "And just how dry is a dry one?"

Well, you might say that the differences are differences of degree, starting from the ideal and progressing to a noticeable condition. In other words the oily skin and the dry skin do not differ from each other as silk from wool. They may have practically the same beginnings. And it's not unknown for the same face to show signs of both conditions.

When we are very young we have what seems an ideal skin. The skin of the healthy small child is fine-textured, clear, fresh and dewy, and flushed with an exquisite radiant color. Compare this with the best of the so-called "normal" grown-ups' skins and you'll see that certain changes have taken place. Whereas the skin of the body, protected as it is, often keeps that slightly moist fine-textured look, the face, more exposed to dirt, sun and wind, and less easily exercised, is apt to coarsen or to lose its firm muscular tone.

The skin, you see, is tremendously complex and hard working. Among its duties in addition to covering the body and acting as a very important sense organ, is its necessary function of elimination. The surface of the skin is covered with innumerable little mouths, from some of which oil is eliminated and from others water or what we call perspiration. It is important not only for the health of the body but also for the looks of the skin that these functions of the skin go on in an orderly manner. Sometimes they are upset and then the effects show on the skin.

When the skin does not eliminate as much as it should we say that it's a "dry skin." This is a very common ailment and increases both in degree and number as we grow older. Many things in addition to age contribute to dryness of the skin, among them exposure to sun and wind and steam heat, fatigue, nervousness, lack of sleep or exercise, improper food, not enough drinking water and harsh cleansing methods.

Dry skins grow old faster than oily skins, because in their case the natural tendency of the oil supply to decrease with age is exaggerated. Dry skins also are usually more susceptible to chapping and to sunburn and windburn. The best protective measure is to rub on the skin a small amount of oil. Whether the natural oils can be "put back" into the skin or the skin "fed," as many people claim, is a controversial point, but that oil or cream lubricates, supplies and keeps the dry skin in good condition, preventing it from undue wrinkling and roughing, is easily proven. You have only to experiment with oils or creams on your hands to see the advantage of such treatment for your face, too.

There seem to be many more dry skins than oily ones.



SKIN, TO BE LOVE-
LY, MUST BE CLEAN

People with dry skins are often urged to increase the amount of nourishing oils, such as butter, cream and olive oil, in their diet. They are advised to get plenty of sleep, to drink plenty of water to flush their systems properly, and to prevent fatigue and nerve strain as far as possible. General exercise is important in keeping muscle tone and a healthy circulation on which a good skin is dependent.

If the skin is over-oily the pores are relaxed and this usually indicates a below-par body condition and a sluggish circulation.

People with oily skins should be extremely careful about diet and elimination. They should avoid pastries and fried foods and be scrupulous about including green things in their diet. They should drink plenty of water and see that their bowels eliminate wastes regularly.

If the skin is over-oily, face creams should not be used upon it. It should be washed carefully with a good soap and rinsed with plenty of cold water which is excellent not only for removing soap and dirt, but also for stimulating the facial circulation. For sluggish skins, a flesh brush or rough wash cloth is beneficial.

An oily skin is often subject to what are known as blackheads, which are really deposits of dirt and oil in the enlarged pores. Blackheads should never be forcibly pressed out. There is danger of bruising the skin. If you have blackheads, try to build up your general circulation, regulate your diet and be especially conscientious about your face cleansing. Do not use powder or cream until the condition clears up. This is the only cure.

Blackheads, as perhaps you've discovered, are not always limited to oily skins. Some tight, dry skins have them, too, and they are difficult to eliminate, because the skin is sensitive, and the pores are stubborn. Sometimes they may be removed by applying cold cream and softening the skin before washing. Almond meal (with water) is a good cleansing agent for such a skin because it gives friction with some gentleness.

If blackheads do not react to simple hygienic measures, it's best to see a doctor. And any outbreak of the skin should always be referred to him. It may be the simplest condition which will react immediately to treatment, but the skin is a tricky thing and requires expert diagnosis.



A GOOD SKIN GOES A LONG
WAY TOWARD GOOD LOOKS

Red Head

TO THIS day Paully Partridge maintains with great and unreasonable bitterness that Scatter

By LESLIE C. WARREN

was the red-headed cause of her Great Trouble, and she refuses to perceive that Bingo Baxter was really at the bottom of it all and that Scatter and Guffin were only helpless instruments in her unscrupulous and implacable hands. In fact, Scatter was quite prepared to be good friends with the obnoxious Paully, and probably would have been, had not Paully flung the Unpardonable Insult so recklessly as to turn her budding friendliness into bitter enmity.

It all began on that Saturday morning that our Oakdale Band had its first meeting in our gym. Our Oak Tree School had had a sort of orchestra-band to which we had all belonged in a rather hit or miss fashion during the past year—Scatter as a trumpeter, Bingo as bass drummer, and I as cymbal player—but this year we were combining with the Kingsford School band to represent Oakdale at the large and imposing child health demonstration that our county was planning for May. Besides all sorts of health exhibits, every town in the county that had a boy or girl band was to send it to the demonstration and we would wind up the grand affair with a competitive drill which would be at the same time a graphic representation of the Perfect Posture and Positive Health of the Youth of Our County.

We were all agog and determined to win first prize for our town and, of course, we were very much on hand for that first practice. Girls from the Kingsford were all on hand, too, and we Oak Tree girls felt that we were hostesses, kind of, as long as we were to practice in our gym with our gym teacher, Miss Mason, to teach us our new marching tactics. She was also our Girl Scout captain in her spare moments and we always called her Cappy for short.

Well, a group of us were leaning against the stall bars that morning waiting for things to happen, and before we realized it Bingo Baxter suddenly started them in a way that none of us had bargained for.

"Who is that Desdemona over there?" she demanded fiercely.

Nancy Greenough, Bingo's gentle shadow, clutched her belligerent friend desperately by one sleeve and I took a firm grip on the other. Bingo in her more truculent moods is perfectly capable of striding forth to raise obstreperous ructions with any and all who fail to strike her fancy.

"You don't mean Paully Partridge, the pride of the Kingsford School, do you, Bingo?" inquired Scatter brightly.

"I mean the one sitting on top of our piano where she hasn't any right to be," growled Bingo. "The big conceited one that laughs fatly and keeps running her tongue around her lips. The revolting—"

"Well, that's Paully Partridge!" replied Scatter with decision. By a sort of sixth and mysterious sense, Scatter always knows everything in our town. "Do you mean to say that you don't know her, you ape?"

Bingo shook her head stubbornly.

"Well," Scatter went on, "I wouldn't honestly advise you to interfere with her, Bingo, or to muss her up or anything, for she's probably the most important girl in the whole of this county. She just about runs the Kingsford—not that anyone wants her to, but she does, regardless. And she has come out for band this year on account of the health day pageant because she wants to run that too. One

of the girls from the Kingsford was telling me all about her the other day.

She tries to run the Girl Scout troop there, too, and the captain doesn't dare say anything because her mother has slews of money and—"

"Most captains' mothers haven't," remarked Bingo flatly.

"Not the captain's, you penguin!" Scatter's voice was shrill with irritation. "Paully Partridge's mother, of course. She has all the money in the world and makes rich gifts to the Kingsford so that everyone will love Paully, and



now she is going to give new shiny implements to this band so that we will look beautiful on Health Day and so that we will all love Paully, too, and—"

"Well, I don't love her," declared Bingo coldly, "and I don't care if she is Paully Partridge or if she owns the Kingsford School. I don't like her and I don't like the way she laughs, or the way she sits on our piano, or the way she does her hair—"

"But you don't even know her, Bingo," wailed the gentle Nancy, shaken to the depths of herself by this awful hymn of hate. "You've never seen her before. How do you know that you don't like her?"

But Bingo ignored the interruption and went on, waxing expansive as she warmed to her subject.

"I don't like her mother or her house or her automobile or her dog or anything about her. In fact," she ended defiantly as Cappy appeared on the floor, "I don't like her. And I only hope that she isn't out for bass drummer, for something might happen, and see if I care."

With this dark hint Bingo fell silent and it is only fair to Scatter to point out the fact that she tried to stand up for the maligned one at this time, although to my mind Paully really was all that Bingo thought her, and more.

"Oh, I don't know, Bingo," Scatter said judicially. "She might not be so bad if we got to know her. She's a large, upstanding girl, anyhow, and that's awfully good for band and—"

Cappy's whistle brought us all to attention and we listened while she explained all about the part that our band was expected to take in the demonstration at the health day pageant in May. Then she and our musical instructor began to sort us out, old hands and beginners, according to the positions we would fill on the band, and to my intense relief I found that not only was Bingo Baxter alone in her glory as bass drummer in the rear rank, but that my own humble cymbal position at her side was also un-

in her hand, and to her, one from either side of the gym, paced two would-be drum majors, none other than the large Desdemona, Paully Partridge, pride of the Kingsford, and our own red-headed Scatter herself.

I was surprised, for I hadn't realized that Scatter's ambitions had ever flown so high, but I was glad, too, for I knew that Scar would make a marvelous drum major. She is so ardent and peppy and stubborn and red-headed.

They halted in front of Cappy, Scatter tall and slim and poised, Paully heavy and commanding and frowning darkly. It was quite evident that she did not relish this upstart competition for the leading place on the band that was about to be outfitted anew with Partridge gold.

Scatter grinned amiably at her, nothing daunted, and proceeded to lend an ear to Cappy's remarks on the subject of drum majoring.

"One of you girls will go back into the ranks," Cappy said in closing, "while the other takes the baton and practices signals. Which one of you wants it?"

And right there Scatter made a slip which even she didn't notice at the moment, but which was responsible for much that happened later, although it really harked back to Bingo's outburst earlier in the session.

"I'll go back to the trumpeters," Scatter offered politely, as friendly as the Fourth Girl Scout Law itself, "and you can take the baton, Desdemona."

Of course, Scatter hadn't meant to use that name, and she was trying so hard to be polite and Scoutly for the honor of the Oak Tree. But Paully took it for the insult it wasn't meant to be and she committed the unpardonable crime, said the unmentionable word that immediately brought Scatter over to Bingo's side of the fence like a ton of bricks and made her agree with all she had said of Paully.

"Oh, all right, Red Head," she responded languidly. "Thanks a lot."

I held my breath with terror at the enormity of this outrage, while Bingo started forward to do battle on the spot. As for Scatter, she turned so white with rage that each freckle on her thin face stood out like a baby sun, and she began to swell and expand with the heat of her righteous wrath until goodness only knows what horrible explosion would have taken place, had not Cappy come to the rescue. She knows those horrid symptoms all too well, and she immediately seized the rigid form of the enraged Scatter with one hand and shoved her toward the group of trumpeters, while she waved Bingo away with the other, and Paully was left leaning on the

baton, mistress of the situation and apparently very much pleased with herself. The gauge of war had been hurled and first blood was to Paully Partridge.

From that moment Scatter and Bingo, restrained by Cappy's stern embargo from doing bodily injury to their joint foe, began to live, eat, breathe and sleep band, to the heavy detriment of lessons, hockey, basketball, Girl Scouting, and other pastimes which, until that winter, they had considered worth while. And when I lectured them for their over-absorption in band, I got heavily sat upon.

"Can't you realize, Frosty," (Continued on page 32)



Illustrations by
Helen Hokinson

WITH EVERY INSTRUMENT GOING LIKE MAD AND GUFFIN MARCHING AS TO THE RUDDER BORN, WE BORE DOWN ON THE COMMITTEE AND JUDGES

contested. I must admit that that was a relief to me, too.

Then came the call for a drum major, the key actor on which the work of the whole band depends. Our last year's drum major had been a corker, but she had gone away to college, and so we had to find a new one to take her place.

"Any girl who is already signed up for any other position may try out for the place," explained Cappy, "but she must be tall, and a good leader, and have a perfect sense of rhythm."

Cappy stood in the center of the gym holding the great silver-headed baton with its braided red cords invitingly





Keep a Health Diary

By C. WARD CRAMPTON, M. D.

*Chairman of the Committee on Health Examinations
of the Medical Society of the State of New York*

*Illustrations by
Miriam Bartlett*

DROP A PLUMB LINE AND
SEE WHERE IT FIRST
TOUCHES THE BODY

WHEN an aviator starts on a flight, he examines his plane with the utmost care. Before a liner leaves port she is looked over carefully, to make sure that every wheel and nut and screw is in place and working properly. Motor cars are overhauled regularly, if their owners are wise, to catch any weakness that might not be visible at first glance, but that might show itself on a country road miles from a garage or in some other such inconvenient place. When some Girl Scouts decide to go on an overnight hike, they wouldn't think of starting without seeing to it that all the necessary equipment is in good condition. But—

Have you ever thought of having your own engine looked over? No? And yet it is as important for you to know something about your bodily mechanism as it is for a mechanic to know the engine of his plane or a driver the motor of his automobile. It has to take you through the world, and if it breaks down, your work is impeded, your fun is gone, and your life darkened, to say nothing of the cost of repairs.

Years ago people waited for illness to come before being examined by a doctor. But the modern way is to be examined periodically to catch small ailments before they become big ones and wreck the whole machinery. And it's a wiser way than the old way, just as the aviator who guards his engine and knows it well is wiser than the hit or miss pilot who just "trusts to luck."

The newest type of medical service is designed to help you get the best out of life and avoid the disagreeable. It works this way:

First, you go to a physician who has studied and practiced this line of work. You get a thorough looking over. It will take two visits, the first for tests, the second for consultation and advice. The physician then gives you a booklet for your guidance, with all the measurements and records of tests, with full comment and recommendations on diet, rest, work, hygiene and any medical care that may be necessary.

You keep this book and follow out the program at home, if necessary, under the eye of the examining physician, or, if you live elsewhere, under your own family physician. Once a year or so, you get a check-up reexamination and new records are made in your book, and perhaps new

suggestions are made. This check-up takes only a little time compared with the first examination. If you should become ill and a doctor is called in, you show him the record book and he has at once, at his fingertips, valuable information about you—so valuable that it may help him to cut short your illness. He has, in effect, the services of a medical consultant who has been caring for you.

This particular line of medical service is at its beginning, but it will spread quickly through the country as young people, such as you, grow up. Their record books will not only give those who have them an advantage throughout life, but will help the doctors of the future to advance quickly in knowledge of the causes of illness, for they will learn from the books much about how disease begins, and how to stop it.

This health record, or health survey, will vary much with the different physicians who will make it. The form of record is not so important, but the wisdom, foresight and skill of the physician are important, and his spirit of helpfulness is everything.

A very thorough health survey will go into six fields. The first is heredity, which is concerned with the special characteristics of father and mother, sisters, brothers, and other relatives. It is a study not only of an apple, but the other apples on the branch, and the whole apple tree, as well. It is a great advantage to have more than one in a family surveyed by the same physician, for different characteristics will be shown up in one which are latent or sleeping in the others, and which, on provocation, may come out and play an important part. This study is being eagerly developed, because it adds so much to our understanding of people

and to our ability to help them.

The second field of the survey deals with previous illnesses. Everything that has happened to us in the past influences our present and our future welfare a little or much, and when we know the facts, sometimes we can do great things for ourselves.

Some handicap which we can identify only by its beginning years ago may now be holding us back. We may remove it, if we know its nature from its beginning. Illnesses may change much as the years pass, as the caterpillar changes into the pupa, and the pupa into the butterfly.

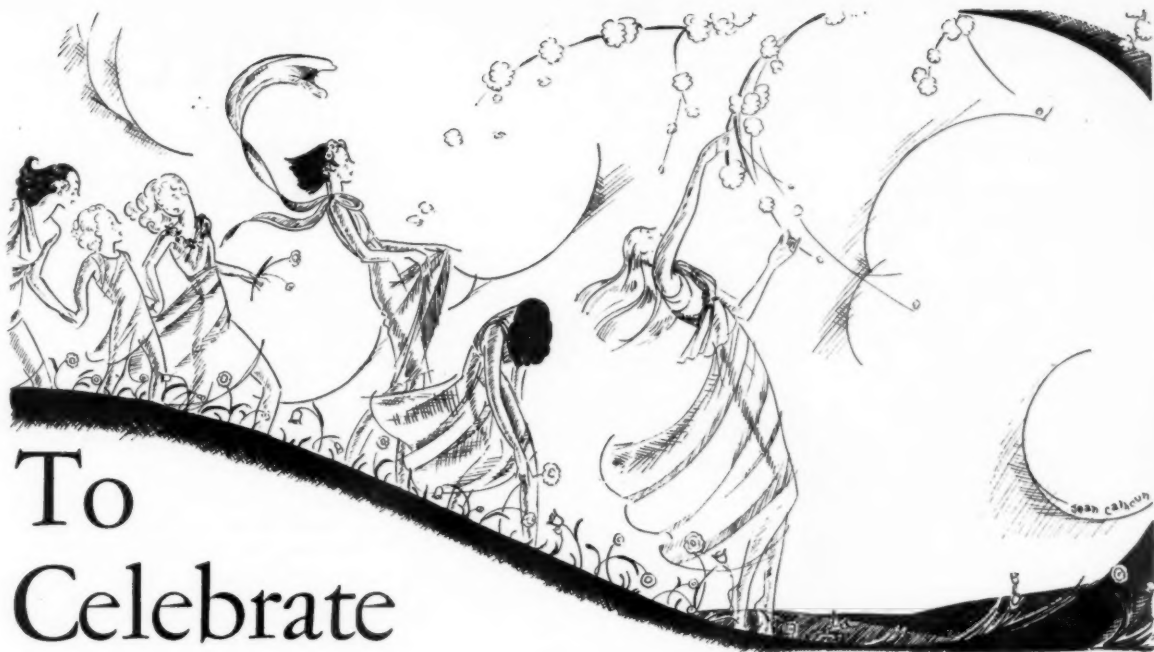
Third, comes a survey of the present life management and environment of the person being (Continued on page 37)



IT'S INTERESTING, ONCE YOU GET STARTED



YOU WOULDN'T
START ON A
HIKE WITH A
HOLE IN YOUR
KNAPSACK!



To Celebrate the Merry Month of May

IT IS the first of May—the feast of flowers. Last night the fairies danced upon the green and left behind shreds of their cobweb skirts and tiny footprints in the sparkling dew.

By WINIFRED MOSES

Decoration by Jean Calhoun

Every country had and has its own particular method of celebrating May Day, so a-borrowing we will go for ideas for our own. We will plan an add-on-to, or a take-away—a pick-and-choose party. There must be a word to describe it, but at the moment it escapes me.

First let us away to Ancient Rome, where from the twenty-eighth of April to the third of May they celebrated the feast of Flora, the goddess of flowers. Imagine if you can, the children garlanded in flowers dancing along the streets to meet at a huge white pillared building. At the high altar, the priest—*flamen floralis*—wearing a tall white conical cap and a white mantle, receives the gifts. Afterward the children go to twine their wreaths around the marble columns of the temple of Flora. In the old days it was believed that the boy or girl who first presented his or her wreath to Flora would be lucky throughout the coming year.

And now to Greece. On May Day the ancient Greeks offered thanks to their gods for the return of the spring and celebrated with games, music, dancing, and pantomimic plays. It seems the ancient Greeks played Blind Man's Buff, so this could be one of the numbers on your program—a dance pantomiming a game of Blind Man's Buff, with Ariadne, Narcissus, Echo, Theseus, and other Greek names that will come to your mind, as the players.

And since there is nothing more effective than music and dancing out-of-doors, your program might have a dance to pick the spring flowers, with each dancer representing a flower. For your costumes and ideas for the dance, you might study the paintings of Botticelli. And for a third number, a procession through the trees, singing. This program might also include the garland dance borrowed from the feast of Flora. You can find suggestions in any library.

If this is to be a garden or lawn party, rugs may be spread on the lawn and steps and, if available, huge garden umbrellas may be set up with chairs for the guests while watching the

dances and games, and tables to be used later when refreshments are served. Both of these parties require special backgrounds and much imagination and preparation, as well as assistance.

The French are great observers of May Day. In France, often as you pass by the churches you will see a pretty child robed in white and crowned in periwinkle and narcissus seated in front of the church door under a canopy. She holds a scepter in one hand and a plate in the other, into which the passersby are expected to drop coins. The money is to be used in celebrating the May.

A fine custom which comes from France and one which I wish some of you at least could incorporate into your May Day festivities is the planting of the May, a custom that started away back in 1380 with Charles VI, who each May ordered a hawthorn tree from the Bois de Boulogne to be planted at the palace gates. Of course, they planted the whole tree, but small cuttings of the roots can be used and anyone can do it. The cuttings—one, or enough to start a hedge—are put into the earth with about one-fourth inch sticking above the ground. Whole hedges of hawthorn are to be found in Nova Scotia and other parts of Canada and very lovely they look with their pink and white blossoms in the spring.

And now we come to England which seems to be really the home of most of the May Day customs that we follow in this country. Long, long ago the Druids celebrated the feast of Bel on the first of May by lighting huge bonfires, a custom which still survives in Ireland and among the Scotch Highlanders, and which brings the bonfire into our party picture.

In Edinburgh the lassies believed that if you washed your face in dew on May Day (Continued on page 38)



PHILIP HAILED ARLEY IN HER WALNUT TREE PERCH ONE DAY AND STOPPED TO CHAT

For what has happened so far in this story see page forty-seven

THE trouble proved to be a burned fuse. Philip, with the aid of a flashlight, soon located the difficulty, but half an hour elapsed before the lights were restored and the pump resumed its steady, reassuring hum.

"You'll get along now," Philip told Arley as he climbed into his car, ready at last to return to his own place. "Cleaver's doing a lot of complaining, but he's promised to stick by you the rest of the night, and by some lucky chance he knows his job. Says he worked in an orchard in this county years ago."

"It's hard to believe he worked anywhere," said Arley with a nervous laugh.

Throughout the night, along the fertile level stretches of Bear Basin, the struggle of the ranchers to save their fruit went on with unremitting zeal. As the mercury dropped lower the streams of earth-warmed water poured out in steady flow to temper the chilling air. With dawn came added danger for, in spite of their best efforts, the frost had struck at some points and fires must be lighted to form a smoke screen against the sun until the injured fruit recovered from its shock. Aoki, with Cleaver's help, made smudges of wet straw until a low blanket of smoke lay thick over the trees. Then morning came and the work at last was done, leaving everyone cold and exhausted.

"Come in, Mr. Cleaver. Mother's made you some break-

Face West

By MARGARET Y. LULL

Illustrations by

Henrietta McCaig Starrett

fast," Arley called as the fruit-picker's lean form shambled past the door on his way home.

"Yeh. I'll be glad of a good meal," Cleaver accepted promptly. "I ain't done much eatin' since Lib took sick." And he attacked with enthusiasm the satisfying breakfast Mrs. Wainwright set before him.

"My hat!" he drawled appreciatively to Mrs. Wainwright at the close of his meal. "Seemed like old times sloppin' 'round out there in that orchard last night. I'm an old hand at the game, worked at it years ago 'fore I drifted East an' married Lib. Some of the guys I used to know are 'round here yet. Only yestiddy I seen Halliday go past. He don't know me now, but I'll bet he still remembers a trick I helped him play on a guy named Dunstan once. He got away with it, an' it won him a good job, I hearn."

Arley started to inquire further about the trick played on Peter Dunstan, but just then Gloria ran in on the way to school and she turned her whole attention to the child. An almost malevolent look came into

Cleaver's eyes at sight of Gloria. "Can't earn her keep," Arley heard him mutter as he rose. "If I could remember that name I lost—" Arley's eyes were troubled as they followed him, and she was more than ever certain that the Cleavers were no proper guardians for their child.

The weather warmed steadily during the morning and it was soon evident that danger of frost was past. Tom, rising late, went to school in the afternoon as usual, but Arley and her mother, exhausted by their anxious vigil, retired for a much-needed rest. Arley slept through the arrival of the mail which brought her letters with an eastern postmark, and through the high-pitched laughter of the children as they came from afternoon school. But she awakened when Tom came banging into the house, tingling the air with a piercing call.

"Hello, Arley! Wake up," he shouted up the stairway. "You've got company from back home."

The summons was enough. Full of eager speculation, she leaped from bed and, dressing quickly, hurried downstairs. One glimpse of the young man who came forward to greet her brought an amazed glad cry to her lips. "Larry! Larry Parsons!" she exclaimed, running forward to give him both her hands in an enthusiastic welcome. "How wonderful to see you again! Seems so like old times!"

"The same to you." Larry's bronzed face beamed heartily.

"How are you managing it so far from your family tree?"

"Out on a limb most of the time, thank you," answered Arley with a wry smile. "But when did you come, Larry? I heard about the new job but I didn't dream you'd get here so soon."

Larry told her all the news. He'd been back at college for a day's visit just before Easter, had dinner at Win's fraternity house and had taken Mary Lou to a show afterward. Everything seemed to be humming along as usual, but he didn't envy them a bit. He was glad of the chance to come West.

"I'm afraid I still have longings," Arley's face grew sober. "But tell me about the job, Larry," she persisted eagerly. "What is it you're going to do?"

"Quite a lot of things, I should say," Larry answered with a grin. "I've signed with a San Francisco Dusting Company that contracts to do almost everything by airplane, from sowing rice in the farmer's field to dusting off his wife's piano. One of my first jobs is for a man up this way named Dunstan. We're going to sulphur his vineyards."

"Sulphuring grapes to ward off blight," assented Arley. "Yes, I've heard of it. But how can you do it with a plane?"

"It's quite simple," Larry explained. "We fly low over the vineyards and the air is forced by the propeller through a hopper filled with sulphur, driving the powder onto the

grapes. It's dangerous, but quick. In a jiffy the whole job is done, and the blight is done away with for a long time."

Arley sighed. "What an adventurous life you lead, Larry. You'll have to meet a friend of mine, Ruth Brainerd. She'll be thrilled to pieces at hearing of all this. And I can tell you all about Peter Dunstan. He's been crossing my path at intervals ever since I left Chicago. I'll take you over to meet him if you'd like to go."

"Fine," Larry agreed. "I meant to look him up. I have a little time to see the country before my work starts, so I came up here first thing in one of the company planes. It's parked on the Basin Flat now."

Certainly he must stay with them until his work began, Arley said, and when Mrs. Wainwright came in to add her cordial plea they had little difficulty in persuading their guest to remain.

It was not until toward the end of Larry's visit that Arley fulfilled her promise to take him to Peter Dunstan's. They drove over the hills in the much used Wainwright car, stopping to chat with Ruth, with whom, as Arley had foreseen, Larry at once formed a friendship. Then they drove on to the Longview ranch where they found Dunstan passing a leisurely week-end with his family.

"This girl and I met on the train when I came home last winter," Dunstan told his wife. "She was a pretty glum customer then, but I think she's (Continued on page 45)"



"CAN'T EARN HER BOARD AND KEEP," ARLEY HEARD HIM MUTTER AS HE ROSE. "IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER THAT NAME I LOST—"



A puppy dog is often an incentive for a hike;
For pep and vim—well,
just apply to Emmeline
and Mike.
No dawdling about the
house, nor homework
while the sun shines,
No makeup needed on her
face—red cheeks and
smiles are health signs.

THE first of May is Child Health Day, established by President Hoover, who sponsored the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, the findings of which have been condensed into a report of eight hundred words called *The Children's Charter*. The Charter suggests that one of the most pressing health needs is proper food and continues, "In order, however, that the growing child's body may make the fullest use of the food it gets, the child must have plenty of rest and sunshine. It follows, therefore, that our May Day efforts this year include attention to the opportunities for recreation which each community affords its children."

One such opportunity which every community affords is hiking, and surely this is one of the pleasantest of ways of making the most of fresh air and sunshine.

Helen Gabriel of Hartford, Connecticut writes about an overnight hike Troop Twelve took to a cabin at Meriden, Connecticut. "The cabin stands high upon a hilltop, but ten sturdy girls braved the dangerous one mile climb over sharp rocks and along the 'Indian Trail,' straight to the cozy little building.

"We studied nature work and pioneering a little, but spent most of the time hiking and eating. We spent only approximately a dollar apiece, and had plenty to eat.

"Towards evening we all went out to the Beacon Light, which is the warning signal for too-daring aviators, and in the cheery glow from the blinking eye, we sang the same old camp songs. We were so high, the stars so close, that we felt hushed somehow, and sang with deep feeling. At last we were silent, and then the beam from a flashlight revealed a story book from which we were read a thrilling detective story.

"A terrific thunderstorm at midnight shook our beds, but the storm in all its fury and nearness made no impression on us. The next morning we explored old Castle Craig, a beautiful stone structure. After dinner we made a record trip down the side of the mountain, and disbanded with many sighs that our good time was over."

These Girls Took a Week-end Hike

Josephine Applewhite of Macon, Georgia writes to us about a week-end trip that Troop Seven took to Camp Martha Fort Johnston.

"We started off toward camp one morning in trucks and private cars, and about

forty-five minutes later we arrived in front of the 'hall.' As it was early April the trees were just turning green. Pine straw covered the ground and small plants were beginning to peep through it. Dogwood and other flowers were in full bloom. All this in addition to the sparkling, splashing waters of Sweet Water Creek, just below the hall, was lovely.

"Ten girls from Warrenton, Georgia were visiting us, so with all of us together we had a merry time. A short time later we had a supper of cheese bobs, wieners and rolls, cooked and served on the banks of the creek. After supper we sang songs around the campfire and at nine o'clock we went to bed. The next day we devoted



Here is Em ambitiously imbibing
quarts of water;
Excellent for complexions, and any-
how she oughter
Drink it; only not at meals, but fre-
quently between 'em,
Some take it in great quantity for
colds; you've doubtless seen 'em.

OUR STAR REPORTER

The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month, and the writer of it wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month and receives a book as an award.

To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should tell "American Girl" readers the following things: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Do not give lists of names except as they are essential.

THIS month our Star Reporter is Dorothy Knoblauch, a member of Troop Thirty-two, of St. Louis, Missouri. Dorothy writes about a hike her troop took, across the Mississippi River.

"Two miles of roadway, outlined in lights, flung out across the river—that was the Municipal Bridge, which we saw at five o'clock that Sunday morning. The longest bridge ever built over the mighty Mississippi, and we were going to cross it!

"We walked briskly to keep warm, and soon were standing above the water. So far below us it was, and so dark, like thick black space. It was very quiet out there—only the distant whistling of a train on the levee.

"As we walked on, we could see the Illinois shore, a line of factories and foundries, each with its column of soft curling smoke. One, an electricity plant, looked like a fairy palace, round-walled and gleaming with light. Its six smokestacks stood like watch towers, and each one wore a streamer of steam, glowing, where it came from the chimney with the rosy light beneath.

"We were thrilled to see the reflection of a star in the blackness of the river, a few feet from shore, and the sight of the setting moon made us nearly breathless. We watched until it dipped, round and red, into a black cloud.

"The return was quite different—noisier and not so solemn as the crossing in the dark had been. The world was waking up, many automobiles passed us, the levee was alive with tooting trains and active workmen.

"We were on the streetcar homeward bound, the bridge far away, when suddenly the sun shone in through the windows. We laughed back at it triumphantly. We had seen the river in darkness, which was something it could never do!"

Maytime Is

and what is more healthful, as well as more fun,
rides, canoe trips, and in fact almost anything that

mostly to Girl Scout work. Some of the girls had a nice time canoeing while others went wading.

"After campfire, that night, we went to bed with the promise of being awakened at midnight for a feast. We slept very little until then. The next day, after a happy week-end, we went home."

Norfolk Girls Studied Health

Norfolk, Virginia Girl Scouts are going in seriously for health activities. Miss Margaret Rangeley writes to us about the four months' course in home hygiene and care of the sick which many Norfolk girls have been taking. The course is prepared by the Red Cross, and covers the requirements for the home nurse, child nurse, first aid and health winner merit badges. The course consists of thirty hours instruction and actual demonstration, covering a period of fifteen weeks, of two hour classes each week.

"The course covers personal health, care of babies, care of the aged, community health, first aid, correct diet for the sick and bedside care, how to equip a sick room and how to care for a home in a practical way, as to cleanliness, good ventilation and furnishings. The class also includes resuscitation after near drowning or asphyxiation by gas."

Try Horseback Riding for Health

Something else pleasant, and just as conducive to good health as hiking, is horseback riding. Winchester, Massachusetts is extremely proud of its mounted Girl Scout troop. There are only a few others this side of the Rocky Mountains, according to Lucy Fowle of Winchester, who writes to us about her troop.

"Twenty-five Girl Scouts, accompanied by their captain and six instructors, start out every Saturday morning for an hour of instruction and exercise," Lucy writes.

"The girls are divided into two classes,

Health Time—

*than bikes—daytime and overnight—horseback
Girl Scouts can do outdoors in the spring sunshine?*

depending upon their ability, and the advanced class has shown such excellent progress that it is being looked upon as future material for Winchester's holiday parade in the spring.

"On alternate Friday evenings these girls go to the stables where they learn to saddle, bridle and care for horses, and this counts as credit toward their horsemanship badges. These classes continue through the winter, and when the trails of the Middlesex Fells are again passable, they continue their out-of-door work.

"This new way of taking exercise and getting instruction has become so popular that there is a long waiting list, and Miss Parker, our captain, hopes to add new members to the troop. As yet there has been nothing but plain military drill work, but some of the more capable members are showing a growing interest in jumping."

They Went to Yellowstone Park

Some of the Sioux City Girl Scouts have written us about a gypsy trip which they took in a five ton truck through the Yellowstone National Park. They traveled thirty-eight hundred miles, through intensely interesting country.

"We camped in true Girl Scout fashion," they write, "pitching no tents except in such emergency as rain. We spread out ponchos on the ground, using the sky above for our tent.

"One night when we reached Hardin, Montana, we noticed that the sky looked stormy, but we thought we could get thirty miles to the next town. When we were about ten miles out the storm broke in all its fury and there we were without a house, hut or sod shanty in sight—nothing but sage brush and prairie land. After three minutes of rain our truck slid off the road into a slight depression at the side and there we began our preparations for the most lonesome night we had ever witnessed. Such a night! It seemed as though the coyotes yelled for our special benefit.

"Early the next morning we were delighted to have a chance to see a cattle round-up with hundreds of cowboys and thousands of cattle.

"When we finally reached our destination we watched 'Old Faithful' erupt on schedule. While we were there we had the most unusual experience of the trip—that of a snowstorm in August. When those of us who had slept outdoors woke up they found two inches of snow on their blankets.

"Later on we had our first encounter with a bear, who with one large gulp ate up our kettle of delicious fruit salad.

"We saw lots of fascinating things, including the Black Hills, snow-capped mountains, real prairies and sage brush, Indians, rich coal fields, oil wells, the vast wheat fields of South Dakota and their great threshing outfits. While we were at the park we learned much from the instructors whom the government provides. We studied plants, trees, rocks, ferns, animals and natural phenomena.

"One day after we finished our capers we hiked to Point Lookout, from which we viewed the magnificent falls of the Yellowstone River. The walls of the canyon, which is twelve hundred feet deep, are made up of multi-colored sands ranging from the softest greens and yellows to most brilliant reds. The red pinnacles of rock which jutted out from the canyon walls were fascinating. The canyon was the most inspiring thing we saw.

"On our homeward journey we had no serious mishaps except a broken exhaust pipe, the loss of the muffler, and two flat tires. As we drove through Parkston, South Dakota, we ran into a Labor Day Parade, which they begged us to enter, and of course we did.

"After several more days of eventful happenings, we arrived home after fifteen of the most exciting days of our lives."

These Girls Are Almost Firemen

Frances Theiss of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania writes about a trip her troop took in the Lewisburg Hose Truck.

"The girls in the hose cart were the newly formed Anchor Troop, and they had been inspecting the Lewisburg Fire Department. They were shown the new hose cart and other modern equipment, and the place where the pole for firemen to slide down used to be in the olden days.

"One of the oldest pieces of equipment in the fire-house was an old fire truck equipped with ladders and leather buckets, used often in bucket brigades. We studied alarm systems, too.

"After we had seen all the equipment we went for a ride on the fire truck, sitting upon the hose, with our lieutenants standing on the running board, and we had a grand time."

They Visited a Planetarium

Dorothy Adcock, a member of Troop Two, of Cicero, Illinois writes to us about a trip the Star Gazers of Troop Two

Miss Emmeline Victoria is serious about food. She's not the type who scorns string beans except when "in the mood".

For sparkling eyes are largely due to proper nourishment, And are, as Em discovers, socially an encouragement.



The sketches and verses on these pages are the work of Joan Rosé, of Summit, New Jersey.

took to the Chicago Planetarium, which is built on an artificial island in Lake Michigan.

"We arrived only a short time before the lecture room doors were opened. The room is circular, with a dome-like ceiling. In the center of the room there is a large, queer looking machine, of which the only duplicate is in Germany.

"The speaker first explained the mechanism of the huge machine. Every visible heavenly body can be shown on the ceiling of the room with its aid.

"Then the room was darkened and the speaker took his place at a desk from which he controlled the machine. When our eyes became accustomed to the darkness the lecture began. The subject was 'The Structure and Architecture of the Skies.'

"We sat facing the east where we could see the stars, sun and planets rising. We could hardly believe that we were not outside watching the stars rise in the sky. We learned a great deal about star clusters, nebulae, suns, planets and stars.

"After the lecture we walked through the halls and looked at the pictures and also the cases containing very old telescopes, sun dials and calendars."

How's Easter Vacation for Camping?

Dorothy Hinkley, of Rangeley, Maine sends us an account of a trip she and other Girl Scouts took during her Easter vacation.

"It was a glorious spring morning when we boarded a truck for Oquossoc, where Camp Uneeda Rest is situated. The first part of our trip had to be taken by truck as the condition of the roads made walking difficult and the lake was not frozen solid enough for a hike of such length. After a ride of seven or eight miles we arrived at Oquossoc, where we shouldered our packs and started walking down the railroad track. After hiking for about two miles down the track we turned and went down a trail a few rods and there we were at camp.

"We divided the work at camp evenly. Two girls were assigned to each duty, although several specialized in some duty which they could do better than others.

"We spent the evenings telling stories, and went to bed about nine. Sometimes during the daytime we played games, read or hiked.

"One day we found some mayflowers, but they were only budding. We heard a bird that we thought was a pee-wee, we saw a rabbit on the wharf and one night a squirrel came up on our porch. We also saw the first robin of the year."



Behold our Emmeline, who bright and early is arising, And with her windows open wide does settings-up surprising.

Try it once yourself, and see how grand it makes you feel, You'll greet your breakfast with respect—that oft despised meal.

MAY MEANS CLEANING UP,
AS THESE TACOMA, WASH-
INGTON GIRLS KNOW, AND
THEY ARE HARD AT WORK

NOW IS THE TIME FOR
NATURE HIKES, SAY THE
BRONX COUNCIL, NEW YORK
GIRL SCOUTS. (BELOW)

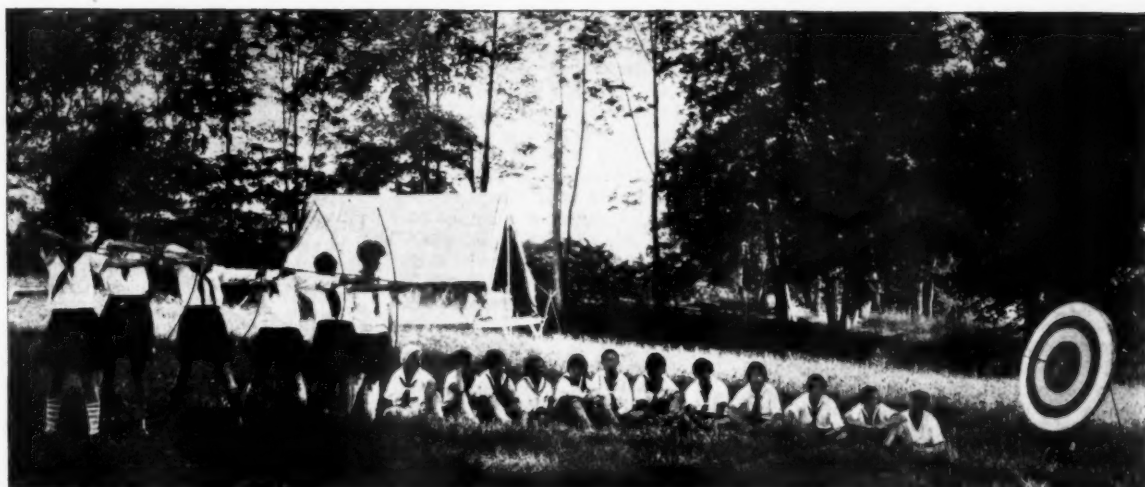


With the Comin

*Everybody's thoughts turn to the
and Girl Scouts, especially, are
gardening, hiking, riding, and pl
glad that bright and warm da
again, and preparing for even mo
woods and fields when camping*

THIS CHARMING SCENE IS FROM A PAGEANT GIVEN BY THE GIRL SCOUTS OF MILWAUKEE COUNTY, WISCONSIN TO CELEBRATE MAY DAY





ARCHERY IS BECOMING A VERY POPULAR SPORT. ONE OF THE ROCHESTER, NEW YORK GIRLS ABOVE HAS ALREADY HIT THE BULL'S-EYE

ning of May

*to the out-of-doors,
y, are to be found
and playing games,
arm days are here
ven more fun in the
mping time arrives*



THE GIRLS IN BERETS ARE AMERICANS OF TROOP ONE OF PARIS, FRANCE, ENGROSSED IN A FIRST AID LESSON



THE OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA MOUNTED GIRL SCOUTS HAVE PROVED TO BE UNUSUALLY FINE HORSEWOMEN

THE EFFECTS OF A KIDNAPING

DURING March, the people of America, if not the world, were more concerned about the fate of one curly-haired baby than they had been about the miseries of a million Chinese. The theft of Colonel Lindbergh's son threw the nation into an hysteria of anxiety and fear. Everyone grieved for the parents of this child and other kidnaped children, but to thoughtful people the event showed deeper and broader cause for sorrow. The kidnaping episode, and the later appeals to gangland for help, revealed in dramatic fashion the power of our underworld and the helplessness of police in coping with organized crime. Americans recently returned from Europe tell us that no other event within European memory has done so much to hurt the prestige of the United States in the eyes of the world.



ASSASSINATIONS

WHILE peace negotiations between Japan and China dragged on dispiritedly in Shanghai, the center of the world's interest in the Eastern conflict shifted to Tokyo. During the past two months it had become increasingly obvious that the Japanese government was sitting on a keg of gunpowder. Japan was in the throes of a bitter struggle between her more liberal-minded statesmen and her military leaders. Her statesmen and financiers value western ideas, western democracy, western friendship, and peace. Her men of war want a return to the old Japanese forms of government and closer relations with the East. They believe in scrapping treaties and getting what they want with the mailed fist. Although the militarists deny that they have had any part in instigating the recent series of assassinations of prominent Japanese, it seems significant that the men who have been killed have been statesmen and financiers conspicuous for their liberal ideas and their opposition to the military party. On August twenty-fifth last year, Premier Yuko Hamaguchi died from the effects of an assassin's bullet; on February 9, 1932, Junnosuke Inouye, famous financier and liberal statesman, was killed; on March fifth, Baron Takuma Dan, leading financier and peace advocate, was fatally shot as he got out of his automobile.



"OLD PAUL," THE MIGHTY FORTRESS

IF YOU had told any Frenchman, in the fall of 1914, that he would live to cheer for Field Marshal von Hindenburg in the streets of Paris, he would have sent you to the insane asylum or had you shot as a spy.

Yet that is what happened in March, 1932. When Hindenburg was elected to head the German Republic in 1925, Europe groaned and reached for its gun. Nobody believed that the leading German warlord, formerly one of the staunchest supporters of the Kaiser, would keep his vow to support the republic which had overthrown the Kaiser. Everybody was wrong. "Old Paul," as he is now affectionately called all over Europe, fought for and protected the infant republic as valiantly as he had fought for the Hindenburg line. During his seven years as President, he became the chief mainstay of orderly democratic government in Ger-

What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

many. He did not want to run for President again, since he is eighty-five years old, and would rather spend his last years in peaceful retirement. But he consented to run in order to save Germany from the destructive rule of Adolph Hitler. In the run-off election which the world watched so breathlessly on Sunday, March thirteenth, Hindenburg did not get the majority of votes necessary for reelection; but he beat his rival, Hitler, by more than seven million. In the final election, which will take place in April, he is sure to win; in this second election it will not be necessary for him to get a majority. Hindenburg's victory will be hailed with joy by sane and conservative forces in Europe and America. If he lives to the end of his term of office, he will be eighty-nine before he can lay his burdens down and enjoy the rest he has earned.



PERSONALITIES

NILLA CRAM COOK, daughter of Susan Glaspell, short story writer, and George Cram Cook, became a follower of Mahatma Gandhi last year, and joined his sisterhood. But when she went into the Hindu temple at Dwarka recently to worship, her entry caused a commotion. Worshipers scattered as if she had been a leper, and priests declared that a seventy-five dollar purification ceremony would be necessary to "unpollute" the temple.

When Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick was Congresswoman-at-large from Illinois, she occupied a seat in the House next to that of Albert Gallatin Simms, Congressman-at-large from New Mexico. On political questions they were often at odds, but on a personal question they finally found them-



selves in complete agreement. On March 9, 1932, they agreed to be Mr. and Mrs. Simms.

JOTTINGS

IN MARCH, Ethel Leginska, wearing her picturesque black velvet coat and Byronic collar, led the first public performance of the National Woman's Symphony Orchestra. If she can find financial backing, she hopes to make the orchestra a permanent institution.

When the only bank at Tenino, Washington failed not long ago, three of the town's business men issued wooden money so that trading could go on. Citizens of Tenino accepted the wooden money in good faith. So did coin collectors from all over the country, who were soon offering gold dollars for wooden fifty cent pieces.



Officials of the Great Western Railway in England must have been reading Edgar Wallace lately. Anyhow, they have learned the charm of mystery. On Good Friday they tried out a new kind of round trip ticket. It entitled the buyer to ride on the "Hikers' Mystery Express," destination unknown. Those who took the trip found themselves, when the train stopped, at a beauty spot on the upper Thames.

TRAGEDIES

Four great figures made their exit, in March, from the world's stage. Aristide Briand, French statesman, peace-maker, proposer of a "United States of Europe," passed away on March seventh, at the age of sixty-nine. While his funeral procession was winding through the streets of Paris, Ivar Kreuger, the "Match King" of Sweden, put a bullet through his own head at a nearby hotel. Although Kreuger had practically a monopoly on the match business of the world, it was not this fact which made his suicide such a shock. He owned the controlling shares in such a number of Swedish industries that in falling he pulled down with him, like a Samson, many pillars of Swedish business. For several hours the news of his death was therefore kept a secret from the American papers. This was in order to give those on the inside a chance to sell their Kreuger and Toll shares on the New York Stock Exchange before the inevitable drop.

While financiers in this country were still staggering under the news of Kreuger's suicide, a great American business man, George Eastman, of Kodak fame, also made his exit from life via the pistol. He was seventy-seven, and left a note reading, "My work is done. Why wait?"

John Philip Sousa, America's famous composer and band king, was seventy-seven when he passed peacefully away in March of heart disease.

The Gypsy Teapot

(Continued from page 11)

At that Ellenda thought of the teapot. She glanced at the chest, on which she had left it.

A startled look came into her eyes. She looked again. The teapot was not there! "Why, Granny!" she cried. "The teapot's not there! It's gone! I left it on the chest to dry, and now it's gone!"

Polly Tottles came to her feet.

"You should ha' put it away," she said. "But mebbe somebody put it in the chest."

They raised the cover. The teapot was not there!

"Dordi! Dordi (oh, dear)!" she cried.

"Dordi! Dordi! My teapot! The one my grandmother gave me. Dordi! Dordi!"

The others of the band were returning from the town and, attracted by her cries, came running into the tent.

"My teapot!" cried Polly Tottles. "It's gone!" And she told what had happened.

All the band knew of Polly Tottles' teapot, and they were dismayed at her loss.

"Perhaps one of the children hid it," said Melissa.

Some questioned the children; others searched the tent. The children denied having seen it, and nowhere was it to be found.

Said Vensa, "Could the man who stopped here this morning to ask for Poley Mace have taken her teapot?"

"He stayed awhile. I saw him near our tent," said Ellenda.

"He drove up the road. I saw him," said Tuesday.

"I'll get the teapot back," said Ellenda.

"Mebbe we'll come drivin' down the road with it some day," said Diamond Lee.

Ellenda came bringing on a plate a piece of the roasted *botchi-witchi* and then hurried away to Diamond Lee's tent.

"Diamond Lee," she said, "I'm going to walk up the road to try to find the man who was here this morning."

"The donkey an' I'll take you a piece," said Diamond Lee.

They climbed into the cart and once more the little donkey set out on the road. Uphill and downhill they went, and across a bridge.

They came to crossroads. Here they stopped for Ellenda to get down to look for a *patrin*. The man probably would not have left a *patrin*, but he might have been following another band. When gypsies are traveling on the road, the driver of the head caravan leaves a bunch of grass or a small pile of sticks at crossroads that those following him may know the direction to take.

To Ellenda's surprise, beside the road lay a small bunch of grass with a stone on it.

"He turned here!" cried Ellenda.

They, too, turned and followed the road, a winding, stony road. Far in the distance was a caravan jogging along.

"Look!" cried Ellenda. "Look!" She was quite breathless with excitement.

Down the hill they went, then a long, level stretch, the little donkey doing his best.

Around a bend in the road, suddenly they came on the caravan. Beside the road, a man and a woman and three children.

"The man who came to the camp," said Ellenda to Diamond Lee.

The donkey stopped. Diamond Lee climbed down, Ellenda following him.

"*Cushy divvus* (good day)," said Diamond Lee. (Continued on page 30)

My, how uncivilized
a handkerchief seems—
now that we're all using
KLEENEX!



AMAZING, how quickly we respond, when Progress holds some queer old custom up to our contempt!

Take handkerchiefs, for instance. It's just a year or so since we were unsanitary as savages about our handkerchief habits.

Only a year or two ago that we packed a dozen handkerchiefs about with us when we had a cold. Used one over and over . . . irritating our susceptible noses with its dampness . . . exposing ourselves to the self-infection it made certain. Then laundered handkerchiefs that today we wouldn't touch.

Thank goodness, those days are over! How grateful we are to Kleenex—for the first great forward step in handkerchief hygiene since civilization began!

Today, you see Kleenex everywhere. You see these fresh, clean tissues taken from feminine purses and masculine pockets! You see the convenient Kleenex package in office desks, in schoolrooms, and in strategic points throughout most any home.

Important Price Reduction

Of course, the price reduction in Kleenex makes it unnecessary ever to stint the use of Kleenex. So use Kleenex for polishing silver, for wiping piano keys, for shining bathroom fixtures. Kleenex for adjusting make-up, for removing cleansing cream. And for many other uses, because the big box—once 50 cents—now costs but 35 cents! (At any drug or department store.)

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

The Gypsy Teapot

(Continued from page 29)

"Cushy divvies," the man answered.

He did not seem inclined to talk, was rather surly. The woman sat on the grass beside the road. Ellenda spoke to her, but she did not answer. The children were shy. They climbed into the caravan, scurrying like rabbits at the sight of strangers.

There came a sudden gust of wind which blew a bit of paper in front of the horses. They shied, pranced, started. Ellenda, who was standing at the rear of the caravan, sprang up the steps, dashed through the caravan to the driver's seat.

She snatched the reins, fell onto the driver's seat, pulled with all her strength. The horses were galloping. The caravan lurched from side to side. The children bounced about on the floor, crying. The dishes rattled; the kettles fell to the floor.

Over a rock went the caravan with a terrible lurch. Ellenda's arms felt as if they would break, but still she pulled and jerked. Suddenly, as they rounded a curve in the road, the caravan swerved. It struck a tree and came to a standstill, with the horses standing, panting and froth-covered.

Ellenda was thrown backward from the seat. For a moment she lay on the floor of the caravan, stunned. Then, she sat up and looked about her. The furnishings of the caravan, mostly, were piled on the floor in heaps.

One thing Ellenda saw—the treasure chest! The cover had flown open and some of its treasures had spilled out on the floor. Among them lay Granny's silver teapot!

"Oh!" said Ellenda and "Oh!" again.

When the man and woman came running, breathless, to the caravan, they found Ellenda sitting on the floor, holding the teapot in her arms, the children looking on.

Such excitement over the escape of the children—listening to their tales of what had happened, examining their bruises.

"You saved our children!" said the woman, holding the youngest in her arms.

"You like the teapot?" said the man. "I give it to you. Some day, I remember you."

"It's my granny's teapot," said Ellenda. To this the man made no reply.

Ellenda and Diamond Lee got into the cart. The donkey started off briskly.

"I told you mebbe we come drivin' down the road, bringin' the teapot!" Diamond Lee said, with a chuckle.

The ride back to the camp seemed long to Ellenda. It was late in the afternoon when they arrived, Ellenda holding in her arms the precious teapot. The entire band greeted them with joyous shouts.

"My teapot! My teapot!" cried Polly Tottles joyfully. "Yours, some day—" to Ellenda.

Diamond Lee told of their ride up the road, coming on the caravan, the man and his family, the runaway, the rescue of the children, and the finding of the teapot.

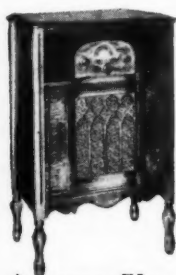
"Ellenda, she ha' been the brave one!" he said.

That night, there was a great celebration in the gypsy camp—everyone dressed in his best, fires burning, gypsy fiddles playing gypsy tunes, dancing, singing, story telling—and in the midst of it all, Ellenda and Diamond Lee and Polly Tottles still holding in her arms the silver teapot.

Join the 1932

52 Winners each Month in April, May and June

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for 2 Best Answers
.. Your Choice



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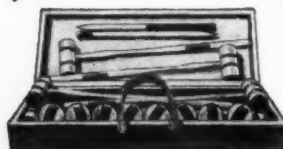


OLD TOWN Safety Canoe

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for 50 Next best answers
.. Your Choice



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Readysset
Folding
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INGERSOLL
MITE
Wrist Watch



Bristol
Telescope Fly Rod

Hood Treasure Hunt



Was the Captain Shot UNJUSTLY?

Life at the French fortress of St. LeJeune—on a small island near Martinique—was very dull. Officers and men whiled away their free time fishing. The Junior Captain was by far the best fisherman. He was very successful in capturing sharks, for which purpose he himself forged unusually large, stout hooks.

On the morning after the Captain had returned late from a day's fishing with a 30-foot shark in tow, the Commander of the fortress discovered his secret papers had been tampered with.

The single door of the Commander's office was guarded night and day by trusty sentinels. The single window opened on a blank wall, 25 feet above the courtyard. As an extra precaution, the Commander always tied a single hair under the string which fastened the roll of documents. It was the absence of this hair, that told the Commander some traitor had read the papers.

It was possible that the sentry might have entered the office. But no key was found in his possession, while a curious hole—about a quarter of an inch in diameter—was discovered under the inner edge of the window sill, suggesting the traitor had entered that way.

Everyone in the garrison was searched and questioned. Although no direct evidence of guilt was secured, after long deliberation the Junior Captain was convicted and shot. How do you think the crime was committed? Was the Captain shot unjustly?

LOOK INSIDE THE SHOE FOR THE GREEN INSOLE

Both stamped "Hood Hygeen Insole" for your protection

LOOK OUTSIDE THE SHOE FOR THE GREEN TAG ...

Rules of the Contest:

FIRST: Read the "Mystery Story" printed at the left and write your solution of the problem—"Was the Captain Shot Unjustly?"—and Why?

SECOND: Write a paragraph of not over 150 words, telling why you would like to wear a pair of Hood Canvas Shoes with the Hygeen Insole.

To help you, Hood has prepared a free book called, "101 Brain Twisters." It contains many detective mysteries for you to practice on (of the type you must solve in the Treasure Hunt) and many other fascinating "posers"!

What is more, a practical method of solving such mysteries is outlined in the opening pages! Besides that, there is all the information you need to write a winning paragraph on Hood Canvas Shoes!

THIRD: Send your solution of the problem—"Was the Captain Shot Unjustly?"—and Why? and your paragraph on Hood Canvas Shoes to the TREASURE HUNT JUDGES, Hood Rubber Company, Inc., Watertown, Mass. Write name, age, address and choice of "first" and "second" prizes at the top of each sheet of paper.

Prizes will be awarded for the best paragraphs plus the correct solution of the mystery. All May Treasure Hunt answers must be mailed by June 15th. Next month there will be another Treasure Hunt—with 52 more prizes for you to try for!...

Prizes for May Treasure Hunt presented in July. Winners will be listed in the October Magazine.



Your mother won't object to "sneakers" now!

The new Hood Canvas Shoes with the Hygeen Insole prevent that "clammy dampness" and "sneaker-smell" your mother objects to in ordinary canvas shoes. It does this by keeping the foot perspiration from soaking into the shoe. By letting the moisture evaporate naturally instead! No wonder Hood Shoes mean cool feet!

Get your free copy of "101 Brain Twisters" from your Hood dealer or mail the coupon.

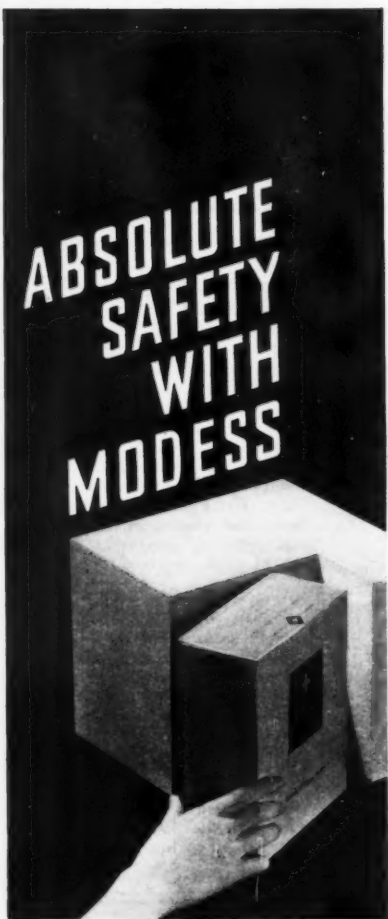


A.G.-2
HOOD RUBBER CO., Inc.,
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Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE 48-page book, "101 Brain Twisters."

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Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

Red Head

(Continued from page 19)

Bingo demanded belligerently, "how frightfully important it is for Desdemona *not* to be drum major of our band?"

I allowed as how I didn't care much for the girl, but then neither did anyone else on the band.

"She'll never be drum major," I said comfortably. "She's too unpopular."

"That's got nothing to do with it," declared Bingo, waving her arms violently in her excitement. "She's a good drum major and she has a good chance of being chosen. But we simply have to stop her, and the only way that we can do that, with Cappy feeling as she does about rough houses, is for Scatter to be so much better than Desdemona that she will win the place, hands down."

"How will they choose between you two?" I asked Scatter.

"Some committee will visit us in April," she answered, "and they will judge between us. Each of us has to work out a fancy march with the band and the one that is best will win."

Scatter picked up her baton which was never far from her side those days, and she began to twirl it thoughtfully.

"How's this?" she demanded suddenly. She snapped to attention and the baton at the end of her outstretched arm swirled madly, a whirling pinwheel of silver.

"My cousin taught me that," she explained. "He used to be drum major for his college band. It's called the propeller whirl, and Bingo and I have worked out our fancy march to go with it. When we compete at the Health Pageant we will have eight minutes on the floor, five minutes for routine work and three minutes for the fancy march that we make up ourselves. And, Frosty, we're going to turn ourselves into an airplane with me out front for the propeller, the trumpeters spread out for wings and the rest of the band and you and Bingo close together for the body of the plane, and Guffin trailing along behind for a rudder."

Scatter paused and gloated smugly over the greatness of this thought and Bingo, as co-author, smirked in unison with her.

But I was aghast.

"Guffin!" I gasped. "Guffin! Why he's not a rudder, he's a dog!"

"Of course he's a dog," Scatter tried to be patient with my dumbness, but she didn't succeed very well, "and I'm a girl, but if I can be a propeller why can't Guffin be a rudder?"

"But—but—but—" I argued fluently.

"But us no buts," commanded Scatter loftily, "aren't you playing the cymbals on the tail end of the band?"

"Yes."

"And isn't Guffin your dog?"

"Yes."

"And doesn't he follow you everywhere?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," said Scatter brightly, "that's that."

Which it honestly was, and at our next practice we went to work at that gorgeous airplane march which Scatter and Bingo between them had evolved. Scatter has a nervous knack of leadership that is perfectly irresistible and she simply gathered

all the members of that band onto the end of her flashing whirling baton and hurled them across the hall as if they were one, with everyone playing like mad—oomp, doodedly, oomp, oomp—oomp, OOMP!

It was simply delirious and we all burst into wild applause at the end, while Guffin shrieked his enthusiasm aloud and Scatter stood flushed and triumphant before us.

Then Pauly Partridge sauntered up to take over the band for her march.

"Very good, Red Head," she remarked condescendingly. "Now watch this and see how you like it."

Once again Scatter went white to the lips and once again the all-powerful Cappy was all that kept her from flying at the obnoxious Pauly, baton and all. The resulting turmoil would have been especially unpleasant, for Bingo was all set to join it just as she was, with the bass drum hanging on her front.

But Cappy grabbed Scatter around the shoulders and shoved her back among the trumpeters.

"Stay there and keep calm," she advised her. "And now, Pauline, we will try your march."

Well, Pauly's march was good, too, I'll have to admit that. She was terribly sure of herself and her baton signals were gestures of burnished majesty. But she was far more conservative in her handling of the band than Scatter, and her march was a mathematical problem in involved obliques and counter marches. It was well worked out, but as dry and uninspiring as a theorem in geometry when compared to Scatter's hysterical airplane.

Bingo and I were all agog, for we realized at once that Scatter had the drum majorship in the palm of her hand. But we reckoned without the County Band Committee.

At the end of April they came, they saw the airplane and—they put their thumbs down. They explained their choice to the band drawn up before them.

"The airplane is very original and striking, but we feel that it is too radical for our judges. They are all army men and they might not understand such a departure from the usual order of march. But the other march is splendid. Conservative, and well thought out. We congratulate you and your drum major, Miss Mason."

The band, baffled and disgruntled at this blind decision, stood silently at attention, with Pauly Partridge stiff and proud out front. But among the trumpeters there was a stir. Scatter, with her trumpet under her left arm, slipped from the ranks and stalked right up to Pauly. Her face was white and strained, but there was a smile on her lips as she held out her hand.

"Congratulations, Pauly," she said heartily.

"Thanks, Red Head!" replied Pauly casually. "Knew you didn't have a chance. Too bad. Band—dismiss!"

Scatter gasped as if a dash of cold water had been thrown in her face and again Cappy had to rush to the rescue. Bingo and Nancy and I started home. Scatter and Pauly were closeted with Cappy in her office.

"Now Cappy will make Pauly apologize and Scatter promise not to try to get even,"

I said, "And she'll talk about team play."

"Yes," agreed Bingo gloomily, "and Scatter will probably make you promise too, and that will leave only me and Nan to free our Oakdale Band from Desdemona and her wealthy parent."

"Me!" exclaimed Nancy astonished. "Why, I didn't get on the band this year."

"All the better," declared Bingo stolidly. "Gives you more time to become frightfully intimate with the Partridges in the two weeks before Health Day. Sit and talk to Mrs. Partridge during practice, for instance."

"But why—?" began Nancy unhappily.

"Never mind," Bingo said firmly, "but do as I tell you. And, Frosty, will you do me a favor?"

"What?" I asked grudgingly.

"Take me to the pageant in your car and take Guffin along for a mascot."

"That's easy," said I, heaving a relieved sigh at not being asked to poison Pauly or to kidnap her. "Of course, you can go with us and Guffin is probably planning to ride along too, even if he has been disqualified as a rudder. He dotes on automobiling."

"Thanks a lot, Frosty," responded Bingo amiably. "G'bye." And she marched off down her street with the gentle Nancy.

Well, the day of the pageant arrived at last and Scatter and Guffin and I rallied around my dad in our car and waited for Bingo to appear. It got later and later.

"We'll have to start," said Dad at last. "We've thirty miles to go and only an hour."

He stepped on the starter, but even as he did so there was a rush of galloping footsteps and Bingo, resplendent in the white middie, white skirt and scarlet tie of our band, flung herself into our midst, panting heavily and full of apologies.

"How come you aren't going with Nancy Greenough?" inquired Scatter, eyeing Bingo sharply.

"I wanted to," replied Bingo sadly. "In fact I went over to her house this morning, but I found that she had asked Desdemona and her mother to go too, and I simply couldn't cope with that, you know." "Humph," sniffed Scatter unsympathetically. "What makes you smell so of gasoline, ape?"

Bingo looked deeply aggrieved.

"Spots on my skirt," she responded vaguely, and hastened to change the subject. But Scatter refused to be sidetracked.

"You don't clean shoes with gasoline," she pointed out, "and it's all over yours."

"Well, I use it on mine and if you don't like that, Scatter Atwell, you know what you can do," replied Bingo, goaded to rudeness, and the subject was closed forthwith.

That Health Pageant was held in an enormous building in the biggest city in our county and the main demonstration hall was set aside that Saturday afternoon for the school band competition.

We found our seats in the stands all labeled "Oakdale," and Bingo and Scatter immediately added their bit to the uproar while I clanged my cymbals gently and gazed around me at the sights.

Officials of every degree, aides with yellow sashes, ushers with blue sashes, army officers, posture judges and audience rushed about like frenzied insects in the solid porridge of sound that filled the great bowl of the hall to overflowing. Almost before we knew it the competition had begun.

To Bingo's in- (Continued on page 34)

Be a REAL Driver



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PREPARE FOR YOUR SUMMER DRIVING

Check yourself on the following ten points of good motoring, enjoy your driving this summer and make it free from accidents to your family and others.

	Perfect Score	Your Score
1. Do you keep your mind on your driving?	10	—
2. Do you keep in line of traffic?	10	—
3. Do you watch the movements of other cars and try to anticipate what they will do?	10	—
4. Do you watch for pedestrians, particularly children?	10	—
5. Do you slow down at schools, crossings and dangerous intersections?	10	—
6. Do you signal to the car behind when you intend to change your course?	10	—
7. Do you know the feeling of having your car under control?	10	—
8. Do you keep in line when nearing top of hill or a sharp turn?	10	—
9. Do you comply with traffic regulations, signals and signs?	10	—
10. Do you have your car, brakes especially, inspected regularly?	10	—
	100	

THE inexperienced and unskilful driver risks his life and endangers pedestrians and other motorists every time he ventures on the road.

Things happen so quickly in a car. At thirty miles an hour you travel forty-four feet in one second; four feet—often the margin between collision and safety—in one-eleventh of a second. Learn to figure distances and allow yourself ample road-room.

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Last year 33,000 people were killed and 1,000,000 injured in automobile accidents.

Relatively few of these accidents were the result of mechanical defects in the machines. The

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A real driver does more than start, stop and guide his car. He controls its every action. He is at all times alert and anticipates possible blunders of pedestrians and drivers he meets or passes.

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Red Head

(Continued from page 33)

tense and outspoken relief our band had drawn third place and so we had to line up in position behind the second band almost immediately. And there we stood in that blank corridor for sixteen interminable minutes while Bingo fidgeted beside me and Paully was highly conspicuous by her inexplicable and mysterious absence.

Cappy paced up and down behind us and looked at her watch and scowled.

"Have any of you girls seen Pauline Partridge today?" she asked.

"Well," said Bingo in a hushed, tense sort of voice, "I did see her early this morning, Cappy. She and her mother were with the Greenoughs in the limousine."

"I've telephoned the Greenoughs," replied Cappy shortly, "and they said they should have been here an hour ago. If they aren't here in three minutes, you will have to be drum major, Scatter."

Scatter flushed nervously and I felt prickly thrills of excitement chasing themselves down my spine.

But Bingo uttered a whispered whoop, shed her bass drum onto the floor and departed on the run. In a few moments she returned with Guffin at her heels.

"Hurry, Scatter!" she gasped as she wiggled into the straps of her bass drum again. "Hurry and get on the floor, for Pete's sake. They ran out of gas nearer a filling station than I figured on."

Scatter ignored this cryptic exhortation, for the whistle had blown for our entrance. We pulled ourselves together and marched into the hall, all our instruments crashing into our routine march and Scatter's baton coming up in a jaunty salute to the stands.

But as Guffin and I stalked through the door at the tail end of the band, the reason for Bingo's haste became apparent. There was a commotion behind me, and, looking around, I saw, as in a tangled nightmare, the wrathful and distorted countenances of Paully Partridge and her mother, and the distracted and tearful features of our Nancy Greenough, escorted by the chauffeur.

Full of horror at this awful sight, I stole a side glance at Bingo and found her grinning the beatific and seraphic grin of one whose plans are running smoothly.

Our routine drill was simple and Scatter led us with a swagger. The question in my mind was whether she would lead her own march or Paully's?

"Oh, lead your own, Scatter!" I implored her silently. "It's much better."

And as if she heard my prayer she swung her baton into that glorious propeller swirl.

Zoom! We side-slipped across the floor, pulled up with a turn on our right wing, swooped about and with every instrument going like mad and Guffin marching as to the rudder born, we bore down on the committee and judges until Scatter's whirling propeller all but sliced the buttons off the front of their uniforms and we could plainly see the consternation of the committee and the look of absolute ghoully glee on the faces of the army officer judges. Then, amid storms of frenzied applause, we marched out the exit.

Mrs. Partridge, with Paully by her side, was waiting for us in a towering rage.

"The very idea," she orated raucously,

snatching at one of Scatter's thin shoulders. "Why couldn't you have led Pauline's march, you stupid, red-headed child?"

"I'm not red-headed!" retorted Scatter savagely, before Cappy, who was hastening to the rescue, could interfere.

All the glow of exultation with which Scatter had left the field had died from her face and she twisted her shoulder roughly from Mrs. Partridge's grasp.

"I'm not red-headed, and I don't know how to lead Pauly's march. She wasn't here to lead it and I did the best I could in her place, that's all!"

Leaving to Cappy the horrid task of smoothing the ruffled Partridges, Scatter dashed away to her seat in the stands where she slumped morosely and glowered at the band that was performing on the floor. Of course, Guffin and Bingo and I rallied around, but she ignored us bitterly.

"Keep quiet!" she hissed. And we kept.

At last all the bands had performed and the judges had judged and the committee stepped forth to hand out prizes. Each band was to receive a small banner of one color or another, depending on the rating it had won, and the best band of all was to be awarded a gorgeous banner as well as the honor of going to the state tryouts in June.

"Yellow banners—Alford and Templeton."

"Green banners—Northtown, Barrier and Hopkins."

Scatter looked glummer and sank lower on her spine.

"You see," remarked Pauly Partridge, rubbing it in with great and noble kindness, "our band wasn't even good enough to get into the lowest class, thanks to you."

"Red banners—Gordontown, Rainford, Lockwood and Hapgrove."

I began a hasty calculation on my fingers. Nine banners had been given out. There were ten competing bands. Oakdale must have won!

The judges said it for me at the same moment, and I fell on Scatter's neck with a roar of triumph while Bingo shoved the baton into her hand from the other side.

But we reckoned without our Partridges. Relentlessly Mrs. Partridge pushed through the crowd, leaving Cappy far behind. Clutching the baton, she thrust it at Pauly and hustled her onto the floor to receive the first prize.

"Pauline is drum major of the Oakdale band," she said firmly to Scatter, and Scatter shrugged resigned shoulders, her face crimson with suppressed feeling.

But Desdemona, marching proudly forth as Oakdale's representative, failed to please the crowd. There was a moment of stunned silence, and then the mob broke forth.

"We want Red Head! We want Red Head! We want Red Head!! We want the DOG!!!!"

The committee and the judges spoke hastily and confusedly to one another and then one of them stepped out to the advancing Pauly who stopped, hesitated, turned and retreated to the shelter of the stands. Humbly she surrendered the baton, and Scatter, with Guffin swaggering at her side, his tail erect and head cocked wag-gishly, marched out to receive our just reward. And in her ears, an accolade and a benediction, rang the tabooed phrase, "Red Head! Red Head!! Yay, Red Head!!! Hurray for Red Head and the dog!!!!"

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Everybody Has Adventures

(Continued from page 16)

"They seem so young. Where is their nurse?"

"They haven't any. Why, Benjy is almost three and Araminta two. I'm taking care of them today and I promised their mother not to let them out of my sight. But they'll be good. Only—" here she swallowed hard and then, with the unswerving candor characteristic of Geraldine, went bravely on, "only, when we begin to load cactus, one of them will have to sit in your lap."

"Worse things have happened to me," declared the lady nonchalantly. "A tiger stepped on me once."

Jerry could not have told how she managed the departure. The strain was terrific, but finally they were off.

The sun grew more powerful, higher and hotter. Sage brush, dry and aromatic, scented the air. Waves of heat made earth and road tremulous. Miles upon miles were swallowed in the gray monotonous plain. A cactus flower flamed, sharp and vivid as a sword thrust. A great bird, or airplane, soared high in the azure void. Silence—silence—hummed about them.

Came wild scrambles up steep slopes, slippings on jagged rocks, ploddings through slithery sand, frantic diggings and haulings and hoistings, her palms blistered, her face flaming, sand in shoes, hair, eyes—

And the lovely lady in the lacey rosebud bonnet sat in the car applauding Jerry, smiling and calling, "Oh, there's a precious one! And now that cute baby Joshua—I simply must have that—and the two bristly little loves over there—and maybe you can find some glass bottles in that heap of old tin cans—and now another tall barrel cactus to match this one—and another cholla or two—and look, oh, please look—I want that!"

"There simply is not room for one more stick or stone or root or plant of any size, kind or description!" Geraldine pronounced at last, exhaustedly but firmly, giving a last tug at the rope that bound a quite sizable Joshua tree to Lily-Be-Noble's extreme behind, where a spare should have been and was not. "It's an awful load she's got on now," she continued worriedly.

"Well, all we've got to do is to turn round and go back!" declared the lady gaily, dangling her large gold locket in slim fingers before four enraptured eyes.

"That's all," Jerry muttered as she began gingerly to back the car around.

And now untoward things began to happen—as if, like a lazy giant, the old desert bestirred himself in his sun-warmed somnolence and started to weave together the threads he had negligently thrown out.

They were on a little used road perhaps no more than ten miles from Palm Springs, five from the main highway connecting the town and that green enchanted canyon giving it its name.

She managed to make the grade, but it was Lily-Be-Noble's last gasp. Even as they lurched into the road and Jerry straightened relievedly, there came a strange, broken gurgle from Lily's insides, and at the same time an ominous, faint, hissing sound, then a perceptible settling of a rear wheel.

"Fat tire!" shouted Benjy delightedly.

Followed a (Continued on page 42)

The Choice of America's Girl Scouts

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"Sportsters" are available in the largest range of sizes for low heel shoes in the world, assuring maximum fit and comfort.



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WARNING—Have Dealer Show You Official Girl Scout Label in Shoe Before Purchasing

Keep a Health Diary

(Continued from page 20)

examined. This takes in diet, exercises, ventilation, rest, work, play, relaxation, recreation, fresh air, sunshine, and vitamins, as well as climate, surroundings, and public health matters.

The structure and the measurements of the body is the fourth field. Some people are tall and thin and are quite different from the rugged, broad-shouldered folk. These differences represent organic differences. A record of them guides the physician.

The latest method of measuring good and bad posture is very simple. It is based on the fact that in bad posture, the head and neck drop forward and down, or the back is hollow, or the abdomen sticks out in front beyond the chest. Some people almost remind one of a weak-looking snake, trying to stand up on its tail and not succeeding very well.

Take a piece of string and attach a little weight to it. Bring it toward the subject's back, till it just touches the most prominent part of the spine between the shoulder blades. Then measure the depth of the most hollowed out part of the back, and the hollowest part of the neck. If you are five feet tall, you are allowed one inch for each hollow. If you are taller, you are allowed proportionately more. Now go around in front and see if the plumb line will touch the body first below the belt or above the belt. It should be just even. To get good posture, you tuck in the belt-line, flatten the back, and flatten the neck by holding the head up.

The fifth field—the physiological processes of the body—is next. Circulation, digestion and almost all the body processes are directed by the autonomic nervous system. Their smooth working is essential to health, and in this health survey several tests of the efficiency of digestion, circulation, and the other functions of the autonomic nervous system are made.

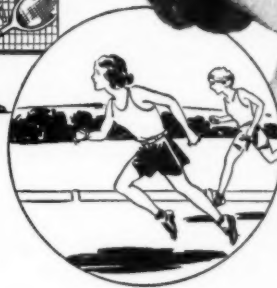
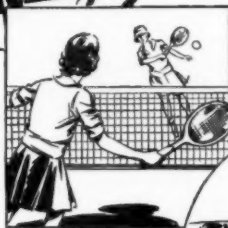
Pathology is the last heading—the search for the signs of present illness, or something that will cause illness in the future, if not corrected. Every part of the body is gone over, region by region, and system by system.

This finishes the examination. The doctor must then put all his observations together, see how one condition affects another and everything fits in. He gets a clear idea of the whole person and life. He has looked thoroughly through the person as she is today and now he makes a program which goes forward with the oncoming years. His idea is to make real all the possibilities for health and to minimize the possibility for the disagreeable and troublesome.

This, you see, is a splendid new development of the physician's service. Formerly, the doctors were called upon only to rescue the perishing. Now, they are being called upon to make rescue unnecessary and to bring, to all people, all the benefits human intelligence and skill can devise and provide.

Remember that this is a growing science. It is just beginning. It depends, for its development, first upon the intelligent young people who will demand this service, and, secondly, on the advance of medical science to meet the most exacting requirements.

So it depends primarily upon you to do your part and the doctors will do theirs. They always have.



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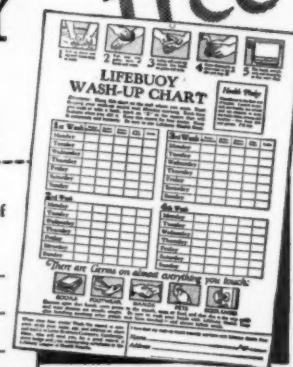
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(actual size)

To Celebrate the Merry Month of May

(Continued from page 21)

your complexion would be much improved, and thus it became another of our customs.

The English May was an all-day affair. Soon after midnight, everybody, or at least all the young people, with a great deal of fun and laughter, sometimes with horns and music, set forth to the woods to gather flowers and green boughs with which they later made garlands to deck their own houses and those of their neighbors. Then came games and the ceremony of the Maypole.

From Rome we may borrow the idea of dancing, children garlanded with flowers, presenting their wreaths to Flora, the goddess of flowers. The festivities of Greece suggest a picnic in a woodland grove or a party on a lawn embowered in trees, with a program of music, processions, dancing and games. From France comes the idea of tableaux and of planting trees.

England, Italy, Greece and France—these are some of the countries from which we may get ideas for May Day. And there are many more; in short enough for a whole marvelous pageant, if you care to undertake it—for milkmaids and shepherdesses and Robin Hood and his merry men, Maid Marian and Friar Frick were wont to gather 'neath the Greenwood tree to take part in the May Day festivities. If we do not care to undertake anything so ambitious, we can build our party about either the May basket or the Maypole, or both.

For a basket party, I suggest an invitation sent out on cards decorated with baskets, or else sent in tiny baskets each holding a flower, with the note containing the invitation tucked away inside. These can be hung on doors, according to the old May Day custom only before, *not* on May Day. The invitation should ask each guest to bring a May basket and a verse about the May.

When the guests arrive on May Day their baskets will be exhibited and a prize given for the best. The second part of the party will be taking the baskets, each with its little verse to the hospital, or to other shut-ins as May Day gifts. After the May baskets are distributed, the guests may return for refreshments and games.

For refreshments, which may be eaten on the lawn, in the house or as a picnic supper in the woods around a fire, the hostess may prepare a basket lunch for each guest.

MENU

Deviled egg or salad in baskets
Basket sandwiches
Strawberries in orange baskets
Maypole cake
Salted nuts and bonbons
Fruit punch in bottles with straws

Deviled Eggs

Put in a saucepan as many eggs as there are to be guests, add cold water to cover. Set over the fire and bring to the boiling point. When the water is boiling violently, remove the saucepan from the fire, cover, and let stand for thirty minutes. Pour off the water, cover with cold water, drain, and set away. When ready to use, crush the shell of each egg and peel. Cut off only enough of the small end to take out the yolk without breaking the white. Put the

yolks in a bowl, add some chopped olives finely minced, a little cream cheese, enough mayonnaise or melted butter to moisten and enough salt to season. Mix and beat until smooth. Refill white, set in a paper basket or case. Top with small end of the egg.

Basket Sandwiches

2 cream cheeses ½ cup thick cream
½ cup grated pineapple

Mix the ingredients thoroughly. The pineapple should be well drained. Spread thin slices of bread with creamed butter. Spread one slice with the filling and top with another. To shape the sandwiches, cut a pattern of a basket from thin cardboard. Lay this on the sandwiches, and with a pointed knife cut away the rest of the bread.

Strawberries in Orange Baskets

Select navel oranges. Remove the skin and insides, so as to form a basket with a handle. Put two green leaves in the basket, fill with strawberries, each of which has been rolled in sugar. Decorate with two or three large, unsugared strawberries with the hulls left on.

For the Maypole cake make cup cakes, ice them, and then put a slender stick of striped candy in the center of each. Set the cakes in paper cups or baskets.

Fruit Punch

Fill each milk bottle half full of cracked ice. Add one-fourth cup sugar, one cup pineapple, grape, orange or raspberry juice, the juice of two limes, or two tablespoons lemon juice, put in a sprig of mint and put on the cap. When served it will be ice cold.

Your basket, lined with waxed paper, should then contain a napkin, a fork for the egg salad, a spoon for the strawberries, the basket of salad or egg, two or three basket sandwiches, each wrapped in wax paper; the little orange basket of strawberries; a tiny case of salted nuts, another of bonbons; the Maypole cake; and the bottle of punch with two straws. The whole should be covered with another napkin and a tiny nose-gay tied to the handle.

You will probably think up all sorts of ingenious ways to make May baskets, if you don't want to buy them at the five and ten cent store. I wish I had time to describe some I have seen but I must get on to my best idea of all for the May party:

A card is enclosed with each invitation. On it the guest is asked to write a May Day verse to bring with her to the party. She is also asked to bring a basket made from a shoe box as follows: The cover of the box is taken off, a strip of cardboard one and one-half inches wide and eighteen or twenty inches long is fastened to the box with paper fasteners for handles. It is lined with wax paper. Each guest is asked to bring a trowel and a dull knife and come dressed prepared to go to the woods. The guests meet at the home of the hostess and set off to the woods where they gather tiny, mossy pebbles, tiny cushions of moss, jacks-in-the-pulpit and other flowers—not too many.

On the return, each guest is given a set of newspapers, a flat dish or a little flower pot, and sets to work to create a fairy dell with her gathering from the woods. Then after a wash-up and a basket lunch, the gardens are taken to the hospitals or shut-ins.



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TO DWELLERS in the all-absorbing world of books, it is sometimes curious to note how one idea, or one country, or one special kind of character seems occasionally to predominate in books which come tumbling in from publishers all over the country. There can be no deep-laid plot to give us chiefly mystery books, or books about how we pulled ourselves out of financial holes, or books about Mexico or China; and yet, as each month the books accumulate, there seems to be one note which is struck again and again. When, last month, we read the story of Sairy Ann of Kentucky in *Mountain Girl* by Genevieve Fox, we had then no idea that the state of "Kaintuck" was to figure so largely in this month's crop of books. It is, indeed, one of the most interesting sections of our country, with its courageous mountaineers, its feuds which have been the subjects of so many tales and dramas, and its ballads.

Nowhere, we feel, has it been better handled than in *The Here-To-Yonder Girl* by Esther Greenacre Hall (Macmillan). Miss Hall, you will remember, has written several short stories for THE AMERICAN GIRL. Although Tassie Tyler's position is something like that of Dickens' famous character, poor Jo of *Bleak House*, because she, too, is always "a-movin' on from here-to-yonder," her splendid vitality and courage prevent her from becoming at all blue or downcast. She carries that red head of hers, flaming "as vividly as the sumac bushes along the creek bank," dauntlessly high, despite the fact that she scarcely knows where it is going to rest from one day to the next. When a visiting sister and her family take up space in the Adams' household grudgingly accorded to Tassie, she makes eagerly for the Singing Branch School, about which Cindy Wilson has told such wonders. But although its marvels are even greater than she had been led to believe, there is no room for her. And, in her misunderstanding and her fierce mountain pride, she rushes away before she really understands the situation, and tumbles into the midst of the orphaned Wiley family. They need her badly, and she is soon mothering them all. In addition to the cares of her adopted family, she sees to it that her friend Dillard Nolan has a chance to develop his musical talent, and finally, by timely warning and heroic efforts, she rescues Singing Branch School itself from a forest fire. Forest fires are always thrilling—we meet with another in California this month—but the description of this one and of Tassie's part in it is particularly fine. Throughout the book, we listen to

Books for Varying Tastes

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

language so musical and so picturesque, that it proves a fitting introduction for another book whose scenes are laid in the mountains of Kentucky, which older people are reading and which some of you will surely enjoy. It is *The Weather Tree* by Maristan Chapman (Viking). If you love Kentucky and its quaintly original turns of speech, if you can revel in the beauty of style which is always a feature of Maristan Chapman's writing, you can find no more poetic companion than this book.

Clever Country by Caroline Gardner (Fleming H. Revell) proves by its very title how many surprises are in store for people who care to study Kentucky, because the word "clever" as used by the mountaineers means "generous." Mrs. Gardner is the Executive Secretary of Chicago's Frontier Nursing Service, and her book is an account of her experiences as a nurse, trying to bring comfort, cleanliness and modern methods of healthy living to the mountaineers so utterly lacking in them. After our excursions in the field of fiction, by means of Sairy Ann, of Tassie Tyler, and perhaps of Maristan Chapman's vivid people, it is interesting to get a straight, first-hand account of conditions as a genuine trained nurse, a trained nurse with a permanent twinkle in her eye, met them.

Besides the Kentucky tendency noted in this month's selections, there is another not so attractive and one which I would be a trifle dubious about mentioning at all did it not bring up a very interesting question which I hope some of you will answer in your letters to me. It is this: Would you rather read books well written about time-worn subjects, or books which deal with fresh and interesting material in an inferior manner? There is, for instance, *Great American Girls* by Kate Dickinson Sweetser (Dodd, Mead). We well remember *Famous Girls of the White House*, which combined fine material with good writing. Certainly there is no finer material, nor any less hackneyed, than the lives of Maude Adams, Geraldine Farrar, Nancy Astor, Emily Dickinson, who, with many others of equal interest and importance, form the subjects of her new book, *Great American Girls*. Yet their absorbing stories are here told in a sentimental and a stilted way which is so irritating that we lose sight of what the author is trying to tell us. Or do we? I wish you would let me know your opinions on this matter.

Barbara Benton, Editor by Helen Diehl Olds (Appleton) is another book about which I am just a little doubtful because its subject is so good and so undeniably

interesting, and yet it would seem as though an author evidently familiar with the duties of editors should herself have submitted to considerably more editing. The story is a good one, and especially girls for whom the lure of the newspaper world is as irresistible as it was for Barbara will breathlessly follow the recital of her trials and tribulations when the editor, engaged by Mrs. Benton to run the paper during her absence, deserts and leaves the job on the hands of sixteen-year-old Barbara. There is plenty of amusing incident, yet the manner of its telling is not worthy of its material.

What a good subject for a Literary or Debating Club this might be: "Resolved: That new and interesting material has enough pep in itself to make good writing desirable, but not essential." If any of you ever debate it, please send me an invitation!

There are, to be sure, many books which fulfill both requirements. *Swallowdale* by Arthur Ransome (J. B. Lippincott and Junior Literary Guild) is an outstanding one. We have met the characters before in Mr. Ransome's first book, *Swallows and Amazons*. They are a most engaging lot of boys and girls, and their knowledge of camping is truly staggering. Mate Susan, for example, is worth her weight in gold. A girl, as Captain Flint observes, who, after a real shipwreck goes right to work starting a fire and drying the crew's clothes without any hand-wringing or head-shaking, is a treasure indeed. Evidently there is nothing like camping for developing the stiff upper lip. Even after the beloved *Swallow* has met with the shipwrecking accident which proved so nearly fatal, the crew grits its teeth and manages to have a landlubber's summer full of adventure.

Circus Day is by Courtney Ryley Cooper (Farrar and Rinehart) who, as he tells us, ran away from home twenty-eight years ago to become "the world's unfunniest clown." Every aspect of the circus is dear to him, and he makes it absorbingly interesting to us. We who have met elephants in Mukerji's or Kipling's or Kurt Wiese's stories, have a new experience awaiting us when we are introduced to Old Mom, that sagacious leader, to Alice and Myrtle and Topsy and other members of a race the handling of which is bound to be, as Mr. Cooper observes, "a big subject!" We hobnob with the famous trainer, Dutch Ricardo, and listen in fascinated horror as he tells the story of the treacherous leopard. It is not so long ago that the world felt a universal pang at the news of Lillian Leitzel's death, and it is with utter absorption that we read of her life as a trapeze artist. Written in breezy colloquial language, the book in this respect as in others is an interesting contrast with *Circus* by Paul Eipper (Viking and Junior Literary Guild). This book is not so exciting as *Circus Day*, but in its quiet scholarly way and with the advantage of a superior literary approach, it is equally interesting. The photographs by Hedda Walther with which it is illustrated are most striking and artistic. We are taken behind the scenes of the actual circus, and shown an "artist's wagon" which is calmly invaded by a tigress and her trainer who wish to bid their historian welcome. Mr. Eipper is made in every possible way to feel at home with that miscellaneous hodge-podge of men, women and animals he so fervently adores.

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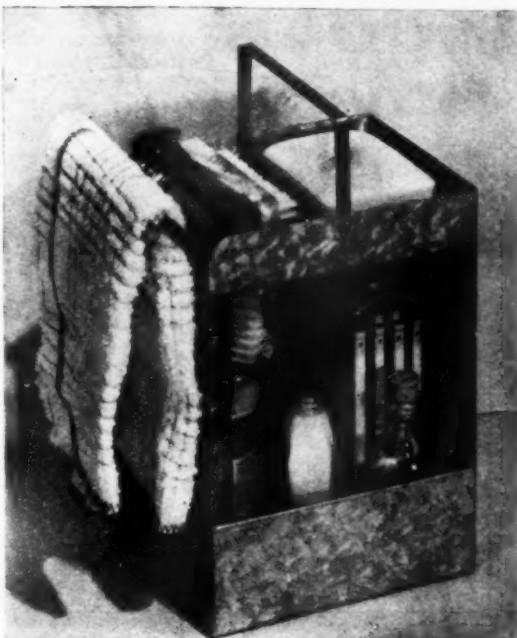
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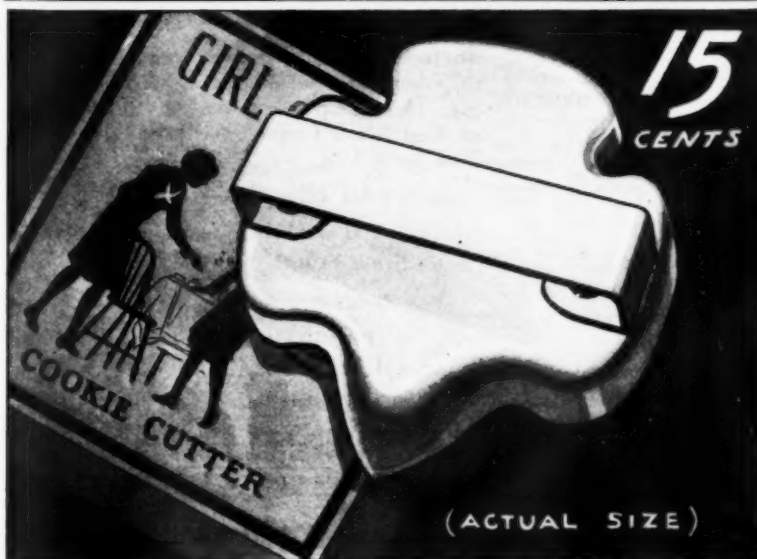
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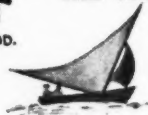
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Everybody Has Adventures

(Continued from page 36)

hideous hour. At the end of it, Jerry had exhausted her resources and still Lily-Be-Noble would not budge; both infants were howling at the full capacity of their lungs; and the lovely lady, the sweet curves of her charming mouth all flattened out, was saying icily, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Jerry, with many illusions lying in the dust, thought that to walk to the highway and get help was the only thing to do about it. But since the lady flatly refused to be left alone with the howling Benji and Araminta, she did not know how to proceed.

In this general emotional upheaval, the elders failed to notice a slowly approaching cloud of dust. It was left to Benji to voice another epoch-making announcement.

"Hossy!" he proclaimed, his tears magically drying up. "Hossy!"

It was old Billy Whiffle, bound on the road to nowhere. The fumes of his vile old pipe contaminated the pure air.

"Plop—plop—plop—plop!" went the feet of his ancient mules in the dust. The wagon wheels creaked cozily. A stove-pipe stuck out of the canvas covering the top. Billy was on his way.

To their troubles he inclined a somewhat moody ear. His seamed and whiskered countenance became crabbed and aloof.

"I'll take the bunch of ye 'cross lots to the mouth of the Canyon where you kin pick up a bus. Further than that I will not," was his decree. "I got clear o' the town this mornin' and I aim to stay clear."

The lovely lady climbed up beside the old man on the narrow seat, while behind Jerry and the porpoises arranged themselves on the floor under the canvas.

"I'll get your cactus to you somehow," promised the faithful Geraldine.

"Cactus!" exclaimed the lovely lady heatedly. "I never want to see a spear of cactus again!"

"I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing on the sea," sang Jerry softly over the two downy heads, rhythmically stroking each plump little arm. They were almost asleep. The wagon swayed over the rough ground; the mules' feet plopped. "I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing—" sang Jerry and never finished the line. A wild shout rent the air—another—another! She leaned over and put her head out of the wagon.

Dashing into the track in front of them was a distraught figure, an excessively thin, excessively long-legged boy, his hair on end, his face burned red, his extended arms madly beating the air.

"Indians! Indians!" he screamed. "Turn back—turn back! They're attacking!"

Billy reined in the mules and placidly removed his pipe. "Loco," he muttered. "Plum loco."

"What do you stop for?" asked the lady disdainfully, drawing her skirt out of reach of the frantic clutch of Donald's fingers.

"I'm not crazy—I'm not!" the boy gasped sobbingly. "It's the truth! I saw them! Riding and whooping like anything! They'll be across this field in a minute and on to Palm Canyon—right among the women and children—prob'ly scalping 'em all! Oh, what will happen? What can we do?"

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"We kin go right along, I reckon," said old Billy. "Giddap thar! Git outen the way, son; we ain't got time to listen to yore tall stories. Gid-dap!" He flopped the lines.

But kind-hearted Geraldine, careful not to disarrange the sleepy porpoises, scrambled out of the back of the wagon, went up to the agitated one, and took his hand.

"The Indians around here wouldn't go on the war path," she assured him soothingly. "They just sell blankets and souvenirs to the tourists. They wouldn't scalp anyone in a thousand years."

"I saw them," he persisted, gesturing toward the slope down which he had come running. "In their war paint. You can't fool me. I have eyes in my head. They were on ponies and came out of a kind of little valley, on the other side of the ridge."

Suddenly, the lovely lady began to laugh. She laughed and laughed as if she could not stop. She fairly cried with laughter and wiped her eyes and laughed again. The next moment she gathered up her skirts and was herself out of the wagon.

"To think," she cried, "that I should run right into them here after all my brave effort to escape! It's fate; that's all. Oh, I can't wait to see Clay's face when I appear—all their faces! You must tell me just how to get to them," she commanded the boy with imperious unreason. "The whole company is around somewhere. Of course, they're doing the Indian sequence because I wasn't there for the wedding sequence."

"Company!" ejaculated Jerry. Light broke over her. "It's a movie company she means," she explained comfortingly to Donald. "And they're making a picture?" he said in awed accents.

"Haw-haw! Movie Indians!" crowed old Billy. "Doin' movie scalpin'! Say, I like to see 'em at their stunts well's the next one. Pile in here, all o' ye. There's a road leadin' right back in here. Pile in!"

Geraldine and Donald sat side by side at the tail of the wagon, their two pairs of legs dangling. They had to hold on hard, for the conveyance lurched fearfully—Billy was condescending to hurry for once—and they were nearly choked with dust. But they were rapturously happy. Donald had the same feeling that the porpoises had—that with Jerry he was close to the fount of wisdom and kindness. What wonders were not about to burst upon their sight? What wonder indeed was not that minute riding with them?

"Don't you think she looks like—like—" Donald whispered a magic, well-known name to Jerry. "Do you suppose she is?"

"Of course she is!" Jerry answered. "I was a perfect simp not to know it! She's dressed for her part."

Donald sighed blissfully. It is not often that it is given one to know complete fulfillment of a dream. A little of his emotion spilled over.

"Say," he muttered hoarsely to Geraldine. "I never saw a girl like you! I think you're wonderful!"

Jerry had received thanks ere now, many a time. But never before had a boy told her in an adoring voice that she was wonderful. Her own cup overflowed.

A singular army, bearing with them the grotesque mechanisms of this marvel-making age, had invaded that peaceful, secluded valley, under the shadow of the majestic mountain, where the old prospector's wagon came presently to a halt. Cameras stood

about like huge black packing cases on legs. Lights and silvered reflectors were placed at every angle. An enormous generator was mounted on a truck. From another truck dangled a microphone at the end of a long line. One man in front of a portable telephone exchange board wore a telephone head set.

There were stalwart hunters in fur caps, with long rifles; a sprinkling of soldiers, Indian women in blankets; a beautiful, courtly youth in sprigged silk waistcoat and high collar; a stout old lady with ringlets; a dark-browed, slouching villain; a tall ministerial-looking man in a beaver, and many another type. Through the crowd strode an authoritative, gesticulating person, with eyes that seemed to see everything at once, a fierce nose, and stiff, bristling black hair. He at once poured over the lovely lady such a stream of violent and reproachful speech as Jerry had never in her life heard. She gathered that, by slipping out of his car at a service station outside of Palm Springs, pretending that she was going to ride with someone else, the lady had cost him a vast sum of money and an infinitude of trouble, and who anyway did she think she was to disobey orders and—

She smiled enchantingly through the whole tirade. "Help me down, Clay," she interrupted, giving him her hand. "I'm going to be good now," she promised with disarming sweetness, then added, with a flash, "I told you I wasn't ready for that scene!"

"Another trick like that, another tantrum, and by all the stars in Hollywood, I'll see your contract's broken!" he vowed, but his bristles gradually subsided.

"Weren't you worried about me?" she inquired melliflously.

"Not in the least. I knew you were up to some deviltry. Extraordinary outfit you picked up!" he grunted, his all-seeing eyes ranging over the bony old mules who scarcely flopped an ear, over bent Billy Whiffle, waiting placidly for the next wind to blow, over Geraldine and Donald who stood side by side, gaping open-mouthed like fledglings in a nest, and over the two tanned porpoises who stared solemnly from the end of the wagon. "Atmosphere, what? *Jake, come here!* Know we missed something in that campfire scene? Here you are! Aren't they great? Look here, all of you!"

he hailed them with his eye. "I want you here at nine o'clock every day for a week, babies and all! Be prompt, do what I tell you, and you'll earn about three hundred dollars, the lot of you—and be part of a picture that'll be a wow! Want to?"

"Want to?" To his horror, Donald found that he could not utter a sound. He could only clutch Jerry's hand in convulsive despair. Jerry, however, rose to the emergency, and, although the earth shook under her feet, secured the engagement then and there.

"Jest knowed I couldn't git clear," grumbled Billy Whiffle. "Jest knowed it!" A kind of sheepish pleasure gleamed in his weathered face.

Geraldine rode home in state in the director's huge yellow and black car, Benjy and Araminta, surfeited with chocolate bars, sitting in her lap.

The evening light fell over mountain and plain, turning San Jacinto's white crown to violet and gold and flooding the gray desert with an unearthly glamour. But it was no more radiant than Jerry's happiness.

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Face West

(Continued from page 23)

bucking up. We'll make a fighter of her!"

It was the time of bloom in the orange grove and the fragrant blossoms, exquisitely nested on their beds of waxy leaves, cast a spell of fascination over Arley that held her hushed and silent. While Larry talked business with his host and later went to admire Mrs. Dunstan's garden, she wandered a little way through the grove. Peter Dunstan joined her and, as they walked along together, he explained the nature of the trees, how they grew and blossomed, and the methods of their watering and care. So gentle seemed the big man's mood, Arley thrilled with a sudden wild desire to make the most of his softened moment and win his interest in the cause she had espoused, the Growers' Association of Bear Basin. Dunstan was bitter, people said. Arley's heart pounded uncomfortably at thought of broaching the unpleasant subject. Yet he could be such a help to them if he only would. Suddenly she dared.

"Listen, young lady," Dunstan stood with his large hands clasped behind him and his eyes fixed on a distant slope. "The answer is 'no' and I'll tell you why."

Arley's spirit sank.

"I never was strong on cooperatives, not for myself," Dunstan stated. "Once I did back a bunch like that, not for myself mind you—I wasn't in it—but for another man. I'd built up my own name, had my own copyrighted brand, same as now, and I was backing this bunch with cold cash for pure friendship. And what did the fellows do?" His heavy brows twisted in a frown. "Stole my labels and sent out a lot of third-class fruit under my brand." Dunstan brought his fists together in a stinging impact that made Arley catch her breath in fear. "You see, young lady? You see why?"

"Yes," Arley answered, "I see."

The big man's fury made an impression which the girl was slow to shake off. During the homeward ride with Larry she was quiet, her thoughts still busy with the experience of the afternoon.

As they neared the Wainwright house she saw the lank, familiar figure of Cleaver propped against a tree by the roadside, and heard his nasal voice raised in complaint against Gloria who was approaching along the road, carrying a small pail of water for household use.

"Hey, kid," Cleaver nagged, "be keeferful. Can't you see you're spillin' that?"

Arley motioned Larry to stop. "Mr. Cleaver," she cried fiercely, venting on him the fury for her thwarted plea to Dunstan, "how dare you speak so to a child? Your own child! Shame!"

"Oh, no, miss," Cleaver snapped in a thin, disagreeable voice, "she ain't mine. I thought I told you that. She's just a brat I got stuck with one time. I ain't got no child."

Cleaver's unexpected announcement filled Arley with such unexpected joy that her indignation speedily vanished. "But who is she, Mr. Cleaver, if she isn't yours?" she asked eagerly. "You must know her people. Who were they?"

"No, ma'am, I don't know a danged thing about her folks," Cleaver insisted doggedly. "Once back in New York Lib had

a job as janitress in an apartment house an' the kid was left there. I'd ditched her long ago only Lib wouldn't stand fer it."

Hurrying home, Arley poured the tale into her mother's ears. "Now we'll just have to take her, Mother," Arley declared. "I can't let them move on from here knowing what her life will be and that she isn't really theirs."

But, although Lib was almost well, the Cleavers' departure seemed unlikely since the old car was in the junk heap, and Ed had found his wife her first job since her convalescence.

During Larry's visit Arley enjoyed many trips in his plane. "But this isn't any way really to know the mountains," she told him. "You have to get down into them."

So for the last day of Larry's stay they planned a trip by car up toward the Sierra snow-line which, under the warm spring sun rays, was rapidly receding to the farthest peaks. They ascended the graveled highway along a canyon whose precipitous red walls hung with tufts of fragrant shrubbery. Cold snow-born rivulets trickled from the rocks and the banks ahead shimmered with pale green foliage.

They rode on for several miles until they found a picnic place in an open space where the highway entered the canyon. Near the road a neat sign tacked upon the fence of an inclosure announced the site of a silver fox farm.

"That's something I'd like to see," exclaimed Larry. "It's a new one on me, raising foxes."

"For furs, I suppose," said Arley. "Let's stop. I'd like to see it, too."

A sturdy half-grown girl named Hulda McCabe welcomed them to the weather-stained buildings and wire inclosure which comprised the fox farm. Her father, she said, would be back at night if they wanted pelts, but she'd be glad to show them around. She led them from one pen to the next, calling out the shy, furry creatures who peered inquisitively at the visitors and then darted back into the seclusion of their huts. Only one of the handsome little fellows seemed friendly.

"That's Victor," Hulda told her callers. "He's tame." She reached through the wire with a caress which the fox accepted graciously, nuzzling in her hand for goodies.

"He's lonesome," explained Hulda. "Victor, his mate, has been put into another pen and he's looking for her everywhere. We have to keep the gate tight shut, for he'll make up to anyone. He follows me like a dog."

Arley and Larry ate their lunch under a pine tree, which stretched its scrawny arms above the gorge, then decided to descend through the tangled brush to the edge of the stream bed and try their luck at fishing. They found a trail down to the water's edge, and Arley exclaimed as she spied a crudely built log hut nestled back in the brush.

"Look at that, Larry," she said in a hushed voice. "Isn't it odd, tucked away under there. What do you suppose it is?"

"Search me. Let's find out." They approached the hut and cautiously peered through the one small window. Then, still unlightened, (Continued on page 46)

when it's Bathtime for the Bathroom



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Projects for Region I may be sent to 143 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.; and for IX, to Girl Scout National Branch Office, 1215 Athletic Club Bldg., Dallas, Tex. Judges will be announced later.

Reprints of the article "You Can Bind Your Own Magazine" may be requested from the judges or from THE AMERICAN GIRL.



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Face West

(Continued from page 45)

Larry opened the door and glanced around.

Arley cautiously stepped inside. "Someone lives here. Larry, see, the stove's still warm, and here's a loaf of bread on the shelf. We'd better skip along."

"Pretty fishy, that hut stuck back there in the bushes." Larry frowned as he gathered up the rods. "That's the slickest place in the world for a hide-out. Let's get away."

They followed back along the narrow trail which had been cut with great care through the undergrowth and, until they neared the top, heard no sound. Then unexpectedly there came a distant swishing of brush on the path above.

Arley stopped in sudden fear. "There's someone coming, Larry. What'll we do?"

"Here!" Larry parted the brush quickly and drew her back a clump of manzanita. "Lie low. We'll see who it is."

They sat, with eyes fixed on the path, watching through the curtain of tangled branches for the owner of those heavy thudding steps. Ah! There he was. A tall, swarthy man in a rough coat, dark matted beard with a soiled cloth wound about his head, a Hindu with a horrid surly face!

"Larry," said Arley nervously when, after a long silent waiting, they crept out and tiptoed cautiously up the trail, "I've seen that dreadful man somewhere. I can't think where but—I know I have."

They hurried to their car, intent upon starting home at once. But when they opened the car door and started to climb in, another surprise awaited them. They found the soft, sun-warmed seat preempted.

"Look, Larry," exclaimed Arley in delight. "It's Victor, sound asleep. Now what do you think he's doing here?"

Larry made a tentative approach toward the soft warm bundle of fur. "Trying to sneak off to town, is that the idea? Well, I'll have to put you out."

"Don't touch him. You may frighten him," cried Arley. "I'll go for Hulda. She'll know best how to get him back."

Hulda came in haste. "Oh, he's always doing that," she explained when, with Larry's help, she had restored the truant to his cage. "He likes to slip out and sleep in different places, but he never goes away."

It was not until they had almost reached Bear Basin that Arley had a sudden flash of memory. "I know now where I saw that man before—that Hindu," she said excitedly.

"Where, for Pete's sake?" demanded Larry. "In a nightmare?"

"No," answered Arley. "Right here in the Basin. He was hiding behind a tree opposite Philip's driveway one morning when I came from seeing Singh."

CHAPTER VIII

Amanda Peake's punctual letter sack still brought Arley interesting mail which she perused with wistful eagerness. Win Ferris' letters were short and breezy, and always ended, darkly underscored, "Don't forget we're scheduled to play Stanford next fall. I'll see you then."

Mary Lou's letters were longer and more chatty and filled now with active plans for her summer trip to visit Arley.

The prospect of her best friend's visit

cast a veil of glamorous expectancy over the coming months which somewhat relieved Arley's anxiety as to matters at home. Problems of finance and the harvest were still rather vague to the eastern girl, but the coming of Mary Lou was a real event.

Will Hazen dropped by to remind the Wainwrights of the Cooperative's meeting the following Saturday and urge them to attend. "The Packers are going to propose something," he told them soberly, "and a lot of folks are going to look at it as the easiest way out and want to accept. That's why we need your vote. Billings won't come himself, but he'll send that lantern-jawed hireling Halliday."

Arley laughed. "I'll take a good look at Mr. Halliday this time," she declared. "It will be worth while going just to see him."

At the Cooperative's meeting Philip, as promoter and active manager of the Association gave a vivid prospectus of what the organization meant to do. Then followed a general discussion in which many arguments were presented. It was a new and strange language to Arley and she bent forward eagerly to absorb it all.

"We may not appear to get far this year or next in regulating distribution and widening markets," Philip said in a simple, earnest speech in which he explained some of their plans. "But we're on the right track and we must stick together, no matter what the odds. Cooperation and direct selling will cut out food speculation until there's no more starving in the world."

The audience cheered, but Arley's feeling was too deep for mere applause. The cords of her neck tightened and her eyes stung with the emotion she had sometimes felt on hearing martial music. Philip pleading for his cause seemed inspired by a greater vision than she had guessed. Then a new speaker arose, and one glance across the room in his direction told her who the lean-faced newcomer was.

"Now that the fine ideal of this Association has been set forth," spoke Halliday, "I'll give you a few simple facts." He began to discourse on markets as they were, over-production, cold facts he called them. He stated the terms on which the Packers would take the Association's crop.

"How about the offer you made me?" snapped Philip, catching Halliday's shifty eye in one keen, meaningful glare. Then he turned again to the members. "It's true our Association's weak, but as I said before we're on the right track. We can hang on until we put Bear Basin products over, or we can sell out and quit. Which shall we do?" Philip's gray eyes kindled in the intensity of his plea. "Do we quit or do we stand pat?"

Members were whispering together in their seats, arguing for courage or the way of safety. Then Will Hazen rose, his quiet well-modulated voice relieving at once the tense atmosphere of the room. "I ain't afraid of failure, neighbors." He included them all in his wide smile. "There's only one thing to do. We stand pat."

Someone insisted on a motion, but the vote was overwhelming for the continuation of the Cooperative. The meeting closed with plans for the season's marketing and much genuine enthusiasm among

the members which was shared by Mrs. Wainwright and Arley as they drove home.

On the way home Mrs. Wainwright halted to make some purchases and Arley sat waiting in the car.

"Hello!" suddenly boomed Peter Dunstan's big voice genially. "Do you know I've got that high-flying friend of yours coming to my house next week. Going to start dusting on Monday. It's great stuff, this airplane farming. I've a good mind to learn to fly myself."

Arley laughed. "I think you'd find it fun." But she instantly grew serious. The meeting still weighed heavily on her mind.

"Mr. Dunstan," she burst out impulsively, "that day you talked to me about co-operatives I couldn't seem to think of any answer. But I've a lot of new arguments today." She plunged into a fervent summary of Philip's speech, pleading with passionate ardor for the cause of world marketing and feeding. "It isn't a matter in which we can be selfish, Mr. Dunstan," she urged. "Suppose a friend did disappoint you once, you shouldn't think of that. Just putting your brand across, winning for yourself, that's only one little ripple in the pool. But grappling a big problem for the world—that's really facing West." Her dark eyes flamed with enthusiasm.

Dunstan's lips were set harshly, his face overspread with heavy gloom. "It's a queer thing your tackling me about this, because if I hadn't lived and learned from your kind I might have listened. I hate to tell you this but it looks as if nothing but the truth'll ever make you understand. The man who double-crossed me that time was my best friend, your uncle, Joel Foster."

Again Arley knew herself defeated. Here was a real blow, something that hurt too much to voice yet even to her mother. She was silent as they drove toward home.

When Mr. Hurlburt, the Wainwright lawyer, wrote about the portraits at Highlands, Martha Wainwright's impulse was to order the cumbersome relics stored. But Arley's eagerness to have the pictures sent West overrode her mother's inclination.

Gloria went regularly to school and was making rapid strides in her lessons. "You should have tried to trace her people," Martha Wainwright said severely to Cleaver one day. "Didn't she have any identification with her?"

"Just her clothes and some no-count jim-cracks Lib saved," replied Cleaver. "There was an address on a paper in her pocket, but the dang thing got lost," he added sourly.

"You wouldn't give her up, I suppose," suggested Mrs. Wainwright hopefully.

"Nope," answered Cleaver. "Not now. She's almost old enough to work."

Sunny summer days had come in earnest, and all nature was pushing forward in new growth. Shrubs along the fence rows drooped their boughs with bloom, and the deepening green orchards spread wide protecting arms over the rapidly swelling fruit.

"Things here all right?" Philip hailed Arley in her walnut tree perch one day and leaped the fence for a chat.

"As far as I can tell we're fine." She beckoned him to a seat beside her.

"There's nothing wrong with the crop in spite of our near squeak with frost," Philip said jubilantly. "And as for the market I'm feeling more optimistic every day. Thank the Lord, the Valley National's

promised credit to the cannery again, and we've hooked up with the Burns' selling organization. I guess we're fixed for this year."

On the evening of Tom's graduation day, Cleaver remarked to Arley: "I seen Halliday on the road yestiddy. He's buyin' fer the Packers yet. They takin' your crop this year?"

"Oh, no," Arley answered with spirit. "We don't sell to Mr. Halliday."

"A good thing." Cleaver's weak lips quirked vindictively. "He's mean, that bird. I helped him pull a fast trick once I ain't never forgot, an' I'll bet he ain't neither. But he double-crossed me. Never paid me a danged cent."

Cleaver seemed inclined to further confidence, but Arley, impatient with his grumbling, made an excuse to return to the house.

She set the table with the green glass dishes. Their dinner should be a gala feast tonight in honor of Tom's graduation, with a real centerpiece of garden flowers. She'd call Gloria to help her pick the blossoms and stay to share the meal. Mrs. Wainwright was away on business.

At that moment the telephone rang sharply and Arley hurried back to answer it.

"Oh, Arley," Ruth's voice on the wire was hysterical with fear, "something dreadful's happened. Larry's fallen. I don't know how it happened. He was working for Dunstan. But please—please come."

"Of course I'll come." Arley swallowed hard. "As soon as Mother gets here with the car, Ruth, I'll come right away."

When Arley's friend, Mary Lou, arrives things begin to happen. Also, the family portraits play their part in helping to unravel a mystery. Don't miss the next issue!

What has happened so far in the story

Arley Wainwright, a student in an eastern college, is forced to leave school by the death of the uncle who was financing her education. The family estate on the Hudson is closed, waiting the return of a prodigal Uncle Anthony for settlement, and Arley starts for California to join her mother and brother, Tom, at their fruit ranch in Bear Basin. On the train she meets Peter Dunstan, a fruit rancher at Bear Basin.

The next morning she meets Will Hazen, a neighboring ranchman who is discussing with Mrs. Wainwright plans for taking care of a destitute family named Cleaver. Hazen tells Mrs. Wainwright that he has joined a cooperative packers' organization, headed by a young man, Philip Brainerd. Brainerd has been trying to get financial backing, but the Packers' Union is the firmly established organization and it has a strong grip. Arley lunches with Brainerd and his sister, Ruth, and on their advice Arley's mother joins the Cooperative.

The weather turns freezing cold and Philip cautions Arley to flood their peach grove. Arley gets the pump started. When Philip arrives to help, Arley and Tom are out with lanterns in the cold, working. By this time it is past midnight. Suddenly the lights in their house go dark and the pump's rhythmic whirring ceases.

"Phil, what do you think it means?" Arley asks in sudden fear.

"I don't know yet," Philip replies. "Something's happened. But don't be afraid. I'll see."



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When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

A NEW two-cent postage stamp was issued on April twenty-second to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of the establishment of Arbor Day. Most of you know that this is the day officially set aside each year for the planting of trees. While the actual date is different in some states, the day is always observed in the State of Nebraska on April twenty-second which, this year, marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of J. Sterling Morton, through whose efforts the day was originally set aside.

The stamp is of the same size as the regular issue and is printed in red ink. The central design pictures the planting of a tree by a boy and girl, the girl holding the tree in position while the earth is filled in by the boy. The words "United States Postage" appear across the top of the stamp in two curved lines and under this, also in a curved line, are the words "Arbor Day."

This stamp was sold on the first day only at Nebraska City, Nebraska and your editor posted a few first-day covers in order to get the first-day postmark. If you would like one of these covers for your collection I will send you one for twenty cents and if you would also like an unused copy of the stamp I can supply you with one for five cents (which includes return postage).

The *Graf Zeppelin* is again flying across the Atlantic Ocean. Word comes from Germany that no less than ten round trip flights between Friedrichshafen and Pernambuco are planned for the 1932 season. Between these flights the airship will probably make its usual flights across the western part of Europe.

And, of course, whenever we talk about the German *Graf Zeppelin* we must not forget our own great dirigible, the United States ship *Akron*—the "Queen of the Skies." In the November column I mentioned the fact that mail might be carried in the *Akron's* first important flight. The ship was scheduled to make a flight to the Pacific coast early in March and a few days before the actual starting day the Post Office Department announced that 150 pounds of mail would be carried. The day after the announcement went out the ship was injured while being taken from her hangar at Lakehurst. It is not known whether the flight to the Pacific coast has been canceled or just postponed until after the damage to the ship has been repaired.

Canada recently surcharged the first five cent air mail stamp so as to raise the value to six cents. One million stamps were treated in this way and it is presumed that the same surcharging will be made on the second air mail issue which originally appeared in 1930.

A new French colony in South America will make it possible for us to collect a new group of stamps. By a government decree, the administration of a territory in the hinterland of French Guiana, near the borders of Brazil and Surinam, was separated from the rest of French Guiana. The colony will be known as "Territoire de l'Inini" and we can soon look for a series of stamps from here.

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HANDMADE SLAVE BRACELETS For 5¢ each you may SELECT ALL ONE STYLE OR ASSORTED JOIN WITH YOUR FRIENDS IN ORDERING WE PAY POSTAGE ON CASH ORDERS—15¢ EXTRA CHARGE ON C.O.D. ORDERS YOU MAY HAVE YOUR NAME, MONOGRAM, SCHOOL LETTERS, GREEK LETTERS OR AN INDIAN DESIGN IMPRESSED ON THE BRACELET. SEND MONEY ORDER IN PAYMENT TO PROTECT YOUR REPUTATION. FREE CATALOG BRACELETS ONLY 5¢—25¢
KUSTOMKRAFT 1024 UNION AVE. HILL SIDE N.J.

TANNOU TOUVA TRIANGLE!

This queer triangle (illustrated) from odd country of Tannou Touva, also packet Vatican (Pope issue), Andorra, Libia, Straits Settlements, etc., and illustrated list—all for only 5c to approval applicants.
SEMINOLE STAMP CO.,
DRUID STA., BALTIMORE, MD.



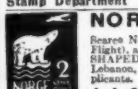
ABYSSINIA RHINO!
(which alone catalogs 16c) as illustrated, also set Andorra, and packet including Oltre Giuba, Epirus, Nigeria, Mozambique, Malay, Usangi, etc., illustrated lists, all for only 5c to approval applicants. Pig-prim Stamp Co., Box 13-A, Mt. Washington, Md.



APPROVALS

Single Stamps & Sets. Full line of packets, sets and accessories—Send for price list. Interesting premium sent with first order. References required.

THE DOLL'S HOUSE
Stamp Department 44 Church Street, Paterson, N. J.



NORTH POLE AIRMAIL!
Sealed Norway North Pole issue (for Amundsen's Polar Flight), as illustrated, also a queer Salvador DIAMOND-SHAPE stamp, and packet from Mauritania, Victoria, Lebanon, Queensland, etc., all for only 5c to approval applicants.
J. A. GRILL, CHTON Station, Baltimore, Md.

150DIFF 12c: Superior Circus Pkt. 15c: Great Leaders Pkt. 25c: S. America Pkt. 15c: All 4 Pkts. only 50c; 1000 Mission Stamps 25c; Xtra Pkts. from Canada; China; Japan; Italy; Russia; Netherlands; Spain 15c each. B & K STAMP CO., Newville, Pa.

FREE STAMP COLLECTION

Contains stamps from Japan, China, Turkey, Cuba (large revenue), Africa (Jungle scenes, native chiefs, etc.), French Colonies, maps, birds, animals, etc.—All free to approval applicants. 2c postage. 1000 hinges 7c. Watermark Detector 2c.
Tatham Stamp Co. (5) W. Springfield, Mass.

50 DIFFERENT COUNTRIES

50 different stamps from fifty different countries, including Ethiopia, Decan, Gwalior, Ireland, Hind, Kenya, Bonla, Stam, Malay, Tasmania, Transvaal, Transvaal. This fine packet and 25 different AIRMAILS and perforation gauge, all for 15c, to approval applicants.
Anchor Stamp Co. Box 47 K Rutherford, N. J.

PACKET OF BETTER GRADE STAMPS to approval applicants for 4c postage. G. R. Carlsen, 3926 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

PORTUGAL 30 different 5c to approval applicants. Reference necessary.
J. L. Roberts, 673 Myrtle Ave., Albany, N. Y.



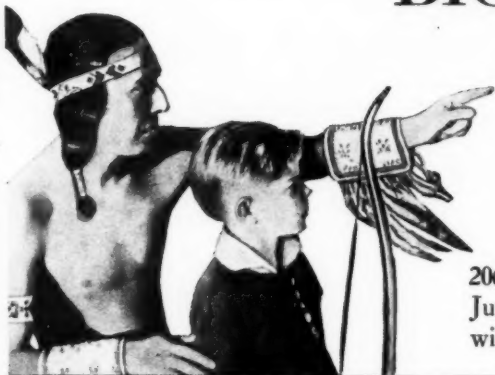
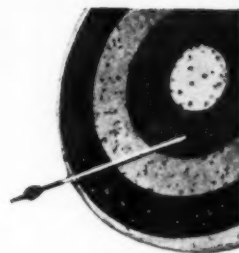
25¢ FOR PINS-RINGS \$1.25
Class pins—any letters, any year, any colors. Silver plated, 1 to 11, 25c ea.; 12 or more, 20c. Gold plate, 30c; sterling 35c. You can't beat these guaranteed values.
Class rings, jeweled pins, medals, etc.
METAL ARTS CO., Dept. 13 Rochester, N.Y.



BIG CAT-A-LOG FREE

Shoot your way to a BIG PRIZE

in the Goodrich ARCHERY CONTEST for Girls and Boys



206 WINNERS WILL CHOOSE OWN PRIZES! 3 best Junior Archers (under 14) and 3 best Senior Archers (14 to 19) will take their *choice* of 1 of 6 remarkable prizes pictured below!



THIS WAMPUM CARD OFFER WITH EVERY PAIR OF GOODRICH SPORT SHOES!

You may use any bow and arrows, but you will shoot more Bulls-eyes with a good bow and good arrows, so Goodrich has arranged to get them for you at less than half the usual retail price! In exchange for the WAMPUM CARD that comes with every pair of Goodrich Shoes—and \$2.00—Goodrich will send you a real Indian Reflex Bow, 5-ft long, made of seasoned White Ash, and 5 metal-tipped, well-feathered, 26-inch Birch Arrows.

Or—for \$1.50 and the WAMPUM CARD—a 4½-ft. English Bow of fine Lemonwood and 3 Birch Arrows, 23 inches long, well-feathered and metal-tipped.

If you can't buy a Bow and Arrow Set yourself, form an "Indian Tribe" with three friends and get it together!... (And be sure you get the WAMPUM CARD when you buy Goodrich Shoes!)

100 NEXT BEST JUNIOR SHOTS AND 100 NEXT BEST SENIOR SHOTS will take their *choice* of 1 of 6 other fine prizes. 1. A Stemmler Lemonwood Reflex Bow with five 26" Arrows. 2. Eveready 5-cell, 1500 ft. range Flashlight. 3. A. G. Spalding Boxing Gloves. 4. A. G. Spalding Field Hockey Stick. 5. Magnan Tennis Racquet. 6. Choice of A. G. Spalding Fielder's or Catcher's Mit.

YOU have only to hold a bow in your hand—once—to be keen about Archery. It is one of the most exciting of modern sports. Yet it has a long, romantic history, reaching back into the past of every land.

Today the Goodrich Rubber Company offers you a wonderful opportunity to learn Archery and win a valuable prize at the same time! Your nearest Goodrich Sport Shoe dealer will give you the free "Archery Book" and the rules of the contest. Every day of practice makes a prize more certain. So don't delay—contest ends August 31st!

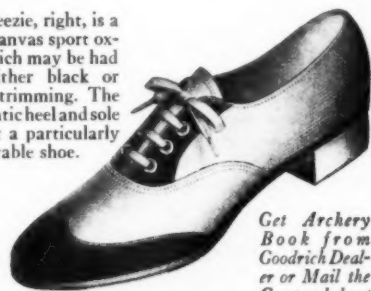
Wear a Goodrich Sport Shoe for Archery and Other Sports

The Goodrich Company makes many fine canvas sport shoes. One—the Breezie—is pictured at the right. This is a very

smart, attractive shoe as well as a practical one. It will give you a firm, comfortable "stance" for Archery and always look well on your foot.

But the Breezie is only one of many Goodrich Sport Shoes designed especially for girls. Ask to see several when you go to the dealer to enter the Archery Contest! (Besides the "Archery Book," the dealer will give you a target face and score sheets and show you large pictures and detailed descriptions of the prizes!)

The Breezie, right, is a smart canvas sport oxford which may be had with either black or brown trimming. The pneumatic heel and sole make it a particularly comfortable shoe.



Get Archery Book from Goodrich Dealer or Mail the Coupon below!



B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corporation
Watertown, Mass.

A. G. 2

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of the "Goodrich Archery Book" (about shooting, tournaments, etc.) and the Rules of the Archery Contest.

Name _____

Address _____

Goodrich Sport Shoes

Another B. F. Goodrich Product



THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

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WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE



LESLIE C. WARREN. She is the author of the popular Scatter stories, and is now hard at work putting Scatter and her friends in a book to be published this fall. One of the reasons she writes about

girls so well is that she really knows them and is interested in them. Besides playing with her own three daughters, she is Captain of a Girl Scout troop, Bluebell Troop 14 of Waban, Massachusetts. She spent seven summers at Girl Scout camps, first as a camper, then as a councillor. "My other interests," she writes, "are gardening, dogs, swimming and the White Mountains."

ALICE DYAR RUSSELL. Mrs. Russell, who is well-known to AMERICAN GIRL readers for her charming short stories, lives in South Pasadena, California. "Do you know the lovely Mississippi valley region in Minnesota?" she writes. "That is where I grew up—in Winona, to be exact. I did all the things that Girl Scouts do. We did not call it 'hiking' then—we called it tramping—and a group of us in High School had a 'tramping club.' We scouted over every inch of those wonderful slopes, studying the birds and wild flowers. My own two girls have inherited these tastes, but they have for their field of exploration the vaster region of the Sierra Mountains." Mrs. Russell has written many stories for young people, and some of her adult stories have appeared in "The Designer," "The Woman's Home Companion," and "Good Housekeeping."

HELEN HOKINSON. Most of our readers think Scatter wouldn't be Scatter if she weren't drawn by Helen Hokinson—or at least, that she wouldn't be half so amusing a Scatter. Miss Hokinson, in the past few years, has become famous for her humorous drawings. Margaret Norris, who is a friend of hers,



once wrote of her: "She observes the world with a witty eye. She laughs good-naturedly at the world and the world laughs with her at itself." Miss Hokinson came from Mendota, Illinois, and attended art school in both Chicago and New York. She confesses that her "greatest ambition, next to becoming the world's best humorous illustrator, is to be able to stand on my head and turn nimble cartwheels."

CORA MORRIS. This author is new to THE AMERICAN GIRL, although she has written several books. Of herself, she writes: "Of all things, I would have liked best to have been a Gypsy story-teller, traveling in a green caravan, standing beside a blazing fire, dressed in a red dress and gay kerchief. But not having been born to that life, I am resolved to be a 'Gorgio' (as the

gypsies name us) story-teller; and I sit in a little green cottage in the Adirondack Mountains, in a gay dress, and write, to the best of my ability, stories of Gypsies."



S. WENDELL CAMPBELL, who painted our cover this month, says that her girl archer is *not* in position to shoot. She is just lifting her bow.

COMING IN JUNE! *The Famous Friend* by Mabel Cleland; *Shingle Shack*, a mystery story by Zillah K. Macdonald; a new Bender story; *Ship-a-Hoydens*, all about girls who sail boats; and many other features.

Big business pauses-

Drink

Coca-Cola

s and Refreshing



Says you: Says me:
"This is the pause that refreshes"

Here's the drink that gets a hand from everybody.
A taste thrill. A happy answer to thirst. Whole-
some, sure-fire refreshment . . . It means so much.
Costs so little—only 5 cents. Takes but a minute.
Hence, millions pause for ice-cold Coca-Cola, and
are off to a fresh start. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

• LISTEN IN

Famous people interview-
ed by Grantland Rice
Coca-Cola all-string
Orchestra led by Gustave
Haenschen—Every Wed.
10 to 10:30 p.m. Eastern Day-
light Saving Time—Coast-
to-Coast NBC Network

OVER NINE MILLION A DAY . . . IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS



The Beachcomber—White mesh or plain broadcloth shirt. Regimental stripe pants with hat to match. Color combinations: (Navy, Copen, Orange, and White)—(Navy, Red, Orange and White)—(Light Green, Dark Green, White and Red). Age sizes 8-22. Bust 32-40.

Hat, Shirt and Pants \$2.95
Pants and Hat only \$1.95

Who
would
Ever
Believe
that
Pants
Could
Be
So
Captivating

!



The Fisher Boy—Broadcloth shirt—White, Copen, Green, Maize or Rose. "Fisher Boy" slacks of white or natural color duck—worn high water or rolled to knee. Age sizes 8-22. Bust 32-40.

Complete Costume \$1.95

Who said pants belong exclusively to the boys!
Surely not the girls of this enlightened day.

For here are pants for girls, designed by Man O'War—so essentially feminine, so utterly devastating and styled with so smooth a swing and rhythm that they put those prosaic masculine slacks completely to shame.

What a summer you'll have, girls, reveling in these smart Paris designed costumes so perfectly adapted to strenuous vacation activities—in camp, on the beach, in the country.

And how fortunate that Man O'War has produced them for you at such amazingly low prices, for you'll never in the world be satisfied with one—or even two—of the many becoming models shown you.

If you cannot secure the styles you like send the name of your dealer and we will see that you are supplied through him.

MAN O' WAR

SCHOOL, GYM, DANCE AND CAMP TOGS

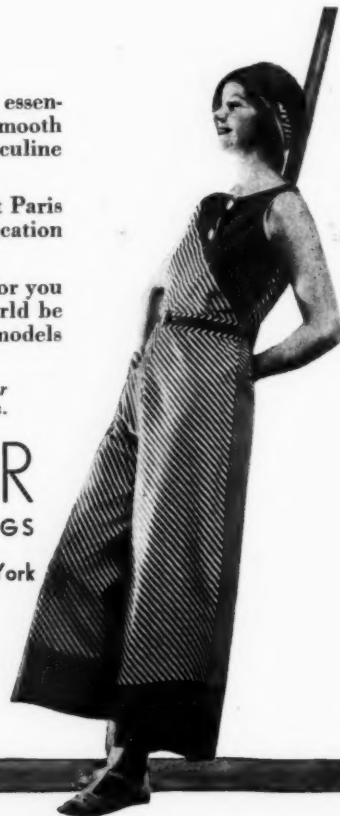
BRANIGAN, GREEN & CO., 71 West 35th St., New York



Camp and Gym Suits of Man O'War Good Game suiting in Green, Copen and other colors. Absolutely fast color. Price \$1.00—\$1.50—\$2.00.

The Outboarder—One-piece pajama sports costume in soft and alluring Red and White, Blue and White, Brown and White. Age sizes 8-22. Bust 32-40.

Complete with Hat \$3.95
Without Hat \$2.95



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